

T H E
F U N E R A L :
OR,
G R I E F A - L A - M O D E .
A
C O M E D Y .

Written by Mr. *S T E E L E*.

*Ut Qui conducti plorant in Funere, dicant
Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo, sic
Derisor-Vero plus Laudatore movetur.* Hor.



Printed in the Year 1710.



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P R E F A C E.

THe Rehearsal of this Comedy was honour'd with the Presence of a very Great Man, who is as distinguish'd by His Fine Understanding, as High Quality. The Innocence of it Mov'd Him to the Humanity of Expressing Himself in it's favour. 'Tis his Manner to be pleas'd where He is not offended; a Condescension which Delicate Spirits are oblig'd to for their Own Ease; for they would have but a very ill time of it, if they suffer'd themselves to be diverted with nothing, but what could bear their Judgment.

That Elegant, and Illustrious Person, will, I hope, pardon My Gratitude to the Town, which obliges Me to report so Substantial a reason for their Approbation of this Play, as that He permitted it: But I know not in what words to thank my Fellow-Soldiers for their Warmth and Zeal in my behalf; nor to what to attribute their Undeserv'd favour, except it be that 'tis Habitual to 'em to run to the Succour of those they see in Danger.

The Subject of the *Drama* 'tis hop'd will be acceptable to all Lovers of Mankind, since Ridicule is partly Levell'd at a Sett of People who live in Impatient hopes to see Us out of the World, a Flock of Ravens that attend this Numerous City for their Carkases. But indeed 'tis not in the power of any Pen to speak 'em better than they do themselves; As for Example, On a Door I just now

P R E F A C E.

past by, a Great Artist thus informs Us of his Cures upon the Dead;

W. W. Known and approved for his Art of Embalming, having perserved the Corps of a Gentlewoman Sweet and Entire Thirteen Years, without Embowelling, and has reduced the Bodies of several Persons of Quality to Sweetness in Flanders, and Ireland, after Nine Months Putrefaction in the Ground, and they were known by their Friends in England. No Man performeth the like.

He must needs be strangely in Love with this Life, who is not touch'd with this Kind Invitation to be Pickl'd; and the Noble Operator must be allow'd a very Useful Person for bringing old Friends together: nor would it be unworthy his Labour, to Give Us an Account at large, of the sweet Conversation that arose, upon Meeting such an Entire Friend as He mentions.

But to be Serious; Is there any thing, but it's being downright Fact, could make a Rational Creature believe 'twere possible to arrive at this Phantastick Posthumous folly? Not at the same time but that 'twere Buffoonery rather than Satyr to Explode all Funeral Honours; but then it is Certainly Necessary to make 'em such that the Mourners should be in Earnest, and the Lamented worthy of our Sorrow: but this Purpose is so far from being serv'd, that it is
Utterly

P R E F A C E:

Utterly destroy'd by the Manner of Proceeding among Us, where the Obsequies which are due only to the Best and Highest of Humane Race (to admonish their short Survivors that neither Wit, nor Valour, nor Wisdom nor Glory can suspend our Fate) are prostituted, and bestow'd upon such as have nothing in Common with Men, but their Mortality.

But the Dead Man is not to pass off so easily, for his Last Thoughts are also to suffer Dissection; and it seems there is an Art to be learn't to Speak our own Sense in other Men's words; and a Man in a Gown that never saw his Face shall tell you immediately the Design of the deceas'd, better than all his Old Acquaintance; Which is so perfect an *Hocus Pocus*, that without you can repeat such and such words, you cannot convey what is in your hands into another's. But far be it from any Man's Thoughts to say there are not Men of Strict Integrity of the Long Robe, tho' it is not every body's good fortune to meet with 'em.

However the Daily legal Villanies we see committed, will also be esteem'd things proper to be prosecuted by Satyr; nor could our Ensuing Legislative do their Country a more seasonable office than to Look into the Distresses of an Unhappy People, who groan perhaps in as much Misery under intangled, as they could do

P R E F A C E.

under Broken Laws ; Nor could there be a Reward High enough assign'd for a Great Genius , if such may be found , who has Capacity sufficient to glance through the false colours that are put upon Us , and propose to the *English* World , a Method of making Justice flow in an uninterrupted Stream. There is so Clear a Mind in being , whom we will name in Words that of all Men breathing can be only said of Him ; 'Tis He that is Excellent

*Sen linguam Causis acuit , seu Civica Jura
Responsare parat , seu condit amabile carmen.*

Other Enemies that may arise against this Poor Play are indeed less terrible , but much more powerful than these , and they are the Ladies ; but if there is any thing that argues a Sower'd Man , who lathes all for Lady *Brumpton* ; we may hope there will be seen also a Devoted Heart , that esteems all for Lady *Sharlotte*,

P R O.

PROLOGUE.

Nature's Deserted and Dramatick Art,
To Dazzle now the Eye, has left the Heart;
Gay Lights, and Dresses, long extended Scenes,
Dæmons and Angels moving in Machines,
All that can now or please or fright the Fair }
May be perform'd without a writer's Care, }
And is the Skill of Carpenter, not Player.
Old Shakespear's Days could not thus far Advance ;
But what's his Buskin to our Ladder Dance ?
In the mid Region a silk Youth to stand,
With that unweildy Engine at Command !
Gorg'd with intemp'rate Meals while here you sit,
Well may you take Activity for Wit.
Fie, Let confusion on such Dulness seize :
Blush you're so Pleas'd, as we that so we Please.
But we still kind to your inverted Sence,
Do most unnatural Things once more dispense.
For since You're still prepost'rous in Delight, }
Our Author made, a full House to invite, }
A Funeral a Comedy to night.
Nor does he fear that you will take the Hint,
And let the Funeral his own be meant ;
No, in Old England nothing can be won
Without a Faction Good or Ill be done ;
To own this our Frank Author does not fear,
But Hopes for a prevailing Party here, (it,
He knows h' has num'rous Friends, yea knows they'll show
And for the Fellow-Soldier save the Poet.

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Brumpton.
Lord Hardy, Son to Lord Brumpton.
Mr. Campley.
Mr. Trusty, Steward to Lord Brumpton,
Cabinet.
Mr. Sable, an Undertaker.
Puzle, a Lawyer.
Trim, Servant to Lord Hardy.
Tom, the Lawyer's Clerk.

WOMEN.

Lady Brumpton.
Lady Sharlot. } Orphan-Sisters, left in ward }
Lady Harriot. } to Lord Brumpton. }
Mademoiselle d'Épingle.
Tattleaid.
Mrs. Fardingale.
Kate Matchlock.

Visitant-Ladies, Sable's Servants, Recruits, &c.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

THE



T H E
FUNERAL:
OR,
GRIEF A-LA-MODE.

A C T. I.

S C E N E I.

Enter Cabinet, Sable, Campley.

Cabinet.



Burst into Laughter; I can't bear to
see writ over an Undertaker's Door,
Dresses for the Dead, and Necessa-
ries for Funerals; Ha, ha, ha!

Sab. Well Gentlemen, 'tis very
well; I know you are of the Laugh-
ers, the Wits that take the Liberty to deride all
things that are Magnificent and Solemn.

Cam. Nay, but after all, I can't but admire

A

Sable's

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Sable's nice discerning on the superfluous cares of Mankind, that could lead him to the thought of raising an Estate by providing Horses, Equipage, and Furniture, for those that no longer need 'em.

Cab. But is it not strangely contradictory, that Men can come to so open, so apparent an Hypocrisy, as in the Face of all the World, to hire profess'd Mourners to Grieve, Lament, and Follow in their stead, their nearest Relations; and suborn others to do by Art, what they themselves should be prompted to by Nature?

Sab. That's reasonably enough said: but they regard themselves only in all they Act for the Deceas'd; and the poor Dead are deliver'd to my Custody, to be Embalm'd, Slash'd, Cut, and Drag'd about; not to do them Honour, but to satisfy the Vanity or Interest of their Survivors.

Campley Aside to Cabinet.

This Fellow's every way an Undertaker: How well and luckily he talks! His prating so aptly, has methinks something more Ridiculous in it, than if he were Absurd.

Cab. But, as Mr. *Campley* says, how could you dream of making a Fortune from so Chimerical a Foundation, as the Provision of things wholly Needless and Insignificant?

Sab. Alas Gentlemen, the Value of all things under the Sun is merely Fantastick: We run, we strive, and Purchase things with our Blood and Money, quite foreign to our Intrinsic real Happiness, and which have a being in Imagination only; as you may see by the pudder that is made about Precedence, Titles, Court Favour, Maidenheads, and China-ware.

Cam. Ay, Mr. *Sable*, but all those are Objects that

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that promote our Joy, are bright to the Eye, or stamp upon our Minds Pleasure, and Self-satisfaction.

Sab. You are extremely mistaken Sir; for one would wonder to consider that after all our Outcrys against self-interested Men, there are few, very few in the whole World that Live to themselves, but Sacrifice their Bosom Bliss to Enjoy a Vain Show and appearance of Prosperity in the Eyes of others. And there is often nothing more inwardly distress'd, than a Young Bride in her Glittering Retinue, or deeply Joyful, than a Young Widow in her Weeds and Black Train; of both which, the Lady of this House may be an Instance; for she has been the one, and is, I'll be sworn the other.

Cab. You talk, Mr. *Sable*, most Learnedly.

Sab. I have the deepest Learning, Sir, Experience. Remember your Widow Cousin that Married last Month.

Cab. Ay, But how cou'd You imagine she was in all that Grief a Hypocrite? Could all those Shreiks, those Swoonings, that Rising falling Bosom be constrain'd? You're Uncharitable, *Sable* to believe it. What Colour, what Reason had you for it?

Sab. First, Sir, her Carriage in her concerns with Me; for I never yet could meet with Sorrowful Relict, but was her self enough to make a hard bargain with Me: Yet I must confess they have frequent Interruptions of Grief & sorrow when they read my Bill. But as for her, nothing she resolv'd that look'd Bright or Joyous, should after her Love's Death approach Her. All her Servants that were not Coal-black must turn out. A fair Complection made her Eyes & Heart Ake, she'd none but downright Jer: and to exceed all example she hir'd my Mourning Furniture by the Year, &

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in case of my Mortality ty'd my Son to the same Article; so in six weeks time ran away with a Young fellow. Prethee push on Briskly, Mr. Cabinet, now is your time to have this Widow, for *Tattleaid* tells me she always said she'd never Marry.

Cab. As You say that's Generally the most hopeful sign.

Sab. I tell you Sir, 'tis an Infallible one. You know those professions are only to introduce Discourse of Matrimony and Young Fellows.

Cab. But I swear I could not have Confidence, ev'n after all our Long Acquaintance, and the mutual Love which his Lordship (who indeed has now been so Kind as to leave us) has so long interrupted, to mention a thing of such a Nature so unseasonably.

Sab. Unseasonably! Why I tell you 'tis the only Season, granting her Sorrow unfeign'd. When would You speak of Passion, but in the midst of Passions? There's a what de' call, a Crisis. The Lucky minute that's so talk'd of, is a moment between Joy and Grief, which You must take hold of, and push your Fortune. But get you in, and you'll best read your Fate in the Reception Mrs. *Tattleaid* gives you. All she says and all she does, nay her very Love and Hatred are mere repetition of her Ladyship's Passions. I'll say that for her, she's a True Lady's Woman; and is her self as much a second hand thing as her Cloaths. But I must beg your pardon Gentlemen, my People are come I see.

[*Exeunt Cab. and Camp.*

Enter

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Enter Sable's Men.

Where in the name of Goodness have you all been? have you brought the Saw-dust and Tarr for Embalming? have you the Hangings and the Six-penny Nails, and my Lord's Coat of Arms?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Yes Sir, and had come sooner, but I went to the Herald's for a Coat for Alderman Gathergrease that Dy'd last night; he has promis'd to invent one against to morrow.

Sab. Ah! Pox take some of our Cits; the first thing after their Death is to take care of their Birth. Pox! let Him bear a Pair of Stockings, he's the first of his Family that ever wore one. Well, come you that are to be Mourners in this House, put on your sad Looks, and walk by Me that I may sort you. Ha you! a little more upon the Dismal; [*forming their Countenances*] this Fellow has a good Mortal look, place him near the Corps. That Wanscot Face must be o'top of the Stairs; that Fellow almost in a Fright, that looks as if he were full of some strange misery, at the Entrance of the Hall. So—but I'll fix you all my self. Let's have no Laughing now on any provocation: [*makes faces*] Look Yonder, that Hale Well looking Puppy: You ungrateful Scoundrel; Did not I pity you, take you out of a great Man's Service, and show you the Pleasure of receiving Wages? Did not I give you Ten, then Fifteen, now Twenty shillings a Week, to be Sorrowful; and the more I give you, I think, the Gladder you are?

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Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, the Grave-digger of *St. Timothy's* in the Fields would speak with you.

Sab. Let him come in.

Enter Grave-digger.

Grav. I carry'd home to your House the Shroud the Gentleman was buried in last Night ; I could not get his Ring off very easily, therefore I brought the Finger and all ; and Sir, the Sexton gives his Service to you, and desires to know whether you'd have any Bodies remov'd or not : if not, he'll let e'm lie in their Graves a week longer.

Sab. Give him my Service ; I can't tell readily, but tell him our Friend, *Dr. Passeport* with the Powder, has promised me Six or Seven Funerals this Week. I'll send to our Country-farm at *Kensington-Gravel-Pits*, and our City house in *Warwick-lane* for News ; you shall know time enough. Hark'e, be sure there's care taken to give my Lady *Langwishes* Woman a Fee, to keep out that Young Fellow came last from *Oxford* ; He'll ruine us all,

Enter Goody Trash.

I wonder *Goody Trash* you could not be more punctual ; when I told you, I wanted you and your two Daughters to be three Virgins to Night, to stand in White about my Lady *Katherine Grissel's* Body ; and you know you were privately to bring her home from
the

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the Man-Mid-wife's, where she Dy'd in Child-birth, to be Buried like a Maid: But there is nothing minded. Well I have put of that till to morrow: go and get your Bagg of Brickdust and your Whiting. Go and sell to the Cook-maids; know who has Surfeited about Town: bring me no bad news, none of your Recoverys again. And you Mr. Blockhead, I warrant you have not call'd at Mr. Pestles the Apothecary: Will that fellow never pay me? I stand Bound for all the Poison in that starving Murderer's shop: He serves me just as Dr. Quibus did, who promis'd to write a Treatise against Water-gruel, a Damn'd Healthy slop, that has done Me more Injury than all the Faculty. Look you now, you're all upon the Sneer, let me have none but downright stupid Countenances. I've a good mind to turn you all off, and take people out of the Play-house: but hang 'em they are as Ignorant of their Parts as you are of your's; they never Act but when they speak; when the Chief indication of the Mind is in the Gesture, or indeed in case of Sorrow in no Gesture, except you were to act a Widow, or so. But your's you Dolts, is all in Dumb show; Dumb show! I mean expressive Eloquent show: as who can see such an horrid Ugly Phiz as that Fellow's, and not be shock'd, offended, and kill'd of all Joy while he beholds it? But we must not Loiter—ye stupid Rogues whom I have pick'd out of all the rubbish of Mankind, and fed for your Eminent worthlessness, attend and know, that I speak you this Moment stiff and Immutable to all sense of Noise, Mirth, or Laughter: So they are pretty well—pretty well—

*Makes mouths at 'em
as they pass by him to
bring 'em to a constant
Countenance.*

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Enter Trusty , Lord Brumpton.

Tru. 'Twas fondness Sir , and tender duty to you , who have been so Worthy and so Just a Master to me , made me stay near you : they left me so , and There I found you wake from your Lethargick slumber ; on which I will assume an Authority to beseech you , Sir to make just use of your reviv'd Life , in seeing who are your True Friends , and knowing Her who has so wrought upon your noble nature , as to make it Act against it self in Disinheriting your Brave Son.

Lor. Sure 'tis impossible she should be such a Creature as you tell me. My mind reflects upon Ten Thousand endearments that plead unanswerably for Her : Her chaste reluctant Love , her easy Observance of all my wayward Humours , to which she would accommodate her self with so much ease , I could scarce observe it was a Virtue in her ; she hid her very Patience.

Tru. It was all Art Sir or indifference to you ; for what I say is downright matter of Fact.

Lor. Why did'st thou ever tell me it ? or why not in my life-time ? for I must call it so ; nor can I date a minute mine , after her being False ; all past that Moment is Death and Darknesh : Why did'st thou not tell me then I say ?

Tru. Because you were too much in Love with Her to be inform'd ; nor did I ever know a man that touch'd on Conjugal affairs , could ever reconcile the Jarring humours , but in a common Hatred of the intermedler. But on this most extraordinary Occasion , which seems pointed out by Heav'n it self to disengage you from your Cruelty , and Banishment of an Innocent Child , I must , I will Conjure you

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you to be conceal'd; and do but contain your self, in hearing one Discourse with that Curs'd Instrument off all her Secrets that *Tattleaid*, and you'll see what I tell you. You'll call me then your Guardian and good Genius.

Lor. Well you shall Govern me; but would I had Dy'd in Earnest, e're I'd known it: my Head swims as it did when I fell into my Fit at the thoughts of it. How dizzy a place is this World You Live in! All Human Life's a mere Vertigo!

Tru. Ay, Ay, My Lord, fine Reflections, fine Reflections, but that does no Business. Thus Sir, we'll stand conceal'd and hear I doubt not a much sincerer Dialogue than Usual between Virious Persons; for a late Accident has giv'n a little Jealousy which makes 'em over-act their Love and confidence in each other.

[*They Retire.*]

Enter Widow and Tattleaid meeting and running to each other.

Wid. Oh *Tattleaid*! His and our hour is come!

Tatt. I always said by his Church-yard-Cough, you'd Bury him, but still you were impatient.

Wid. Nay, thou hast ever been my Comfort, my Confident, my Friend, and my Servant; and now I'll reward thy Pains: for tho' I scorn the whole Sex of Fellows, I'll give 'em hopes for thy sake; every Frown, every Gesture, Humor, Caprice and Whimsy of mine, shall be Gold to thee Girl; thou shalt feel all the Sweet and Wealth of being a Fine Rich Widow's Woman. Oh! how my Head runs my first Year out, and jumps to all the Joys of Widow-hood! If Thirteen Months hence a Friend should haul one to a Play one has a mind to see: What Pleasure 'twill be when my

Lady Brumpton's Footman's call'd (who kept a place for that very purpose) to make a suddain Insurrection of Fine Wigs in the Pit , and Side-Boxes. Then with a pretty sorrow in one's Face, and a willing Blush for being Star'd at, one ventures to look round and Bow , to one of one's own Quality, thus [*very Directly*] To a Smug Pretending Fellow of no Fortune , thus [*as scarce seeing him*] To one that Writes Lampoons, thus [*Fearfully*] To one one really Loves, thus [*looking down*] To one's Women Acquaintance, from Box to Box, thus [*with looks differently Familiar*] And when one has done one's part , observe the Actors do their's, but with my mind fixt not on those I look at, but those that look at me. Then the Serenades ! The Lovers !

Tat. Oh Madam , you make my Heart bound within me. I'll warrant you Madam, I'll manage 'em all ; and indeed Madam, the Men are really very silly Creatures , 'tis no such hard matter — They Rulers ! They Governours, I warrant you indeed !

Wid. Ay *Tattleaid* , they imagine themselves mighty things, but Government founded on Force only , is a Brutal Power. We rule them by their Affections , which blinds them into a belief that they rule us, or at least are in the Government with us. But in this Nation our Power is Absolute. Thus, thus , we sway — [*Playing her Fan*] A Fan is both the Standard , and the Flag of *England*. I Laugh to see the Men go out Errands, Strut in Great Offices, Live in Cares, Hazards and Scandals, to come home , and be Fools to Us in Brags of their Dispatches , Negotiations , and their Wisdoms ; as my good Dear Deceas'd us'd to Entertain me; which I to releive my self from , would lisp some silly Request , pat him on the
Face

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. II

Face: He shakes his Head at my pretty Folly,
Calls me Simpleton; Gives me a Jewel, then
goes to Bed so Wise, so Satisfy'd and so De-
ceiv'd!

Tat. But I protest Madam, I've always won-
der'd how you could accomplish my Young Lord's
being disinherited.

Wid. Why *Tatty*, you must know my Late
Lord, how prettily that sounds, my Late Lord!
But I say my Late Lord *Fible* was all generosity.
I press'd Him there; and whenever you by my
order, had told him Stories to my Son in Law's
Disadvantage, in his Rage and Resentment, I
(whose interest lay otherwise) always fell on my
knees to implore his Pardon, and with Tears,
Sighs, and Importunities for Him prevail'd against
Him. Besides this You know I had when I pleas'd
Fits. Fits are a mighty help in the Government of
a Good natur'd Man; but to an I'll Natur'd Fellow
have a Care of 'em: He'll hate you for Natu-
ral Infirmities, will remember your Face in
it's Distortion, and not value your return of
Beauty.

Tat. Oh rare Madam! Your Ladiship's a Great
Head-piece. But now Dear Madam, is the hard
Task, if I may take the Liberty to say it: to
Enjoy all Freedoms, and seem to Abstain; to ma-
nage the number of Pretenders, and keep the dis-
oblig'd from prating.

Wid. Never fear *Tattleaid*, while you have Ri-
ches if you affront one to Abuse, you can give
hopes to another to defend you: these Maxims I
have been laying up all my Husband's Life-time;
for we must provide against Calamities.

Tat. But now Madam, a Fine Young Gentleman
with a Red Coat that Dances —

Wid. You may be sure the happy man (if it be
in

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in Fate that there is a Happy man to make me an Unhappy Woman) shall not be an Old one again. Age and Youth Married, is the Cruelty in *Dryden's Virgil*, where *Mezentius* ties the Dead and living together: I'm sure I was ty'd to a Dead Man many a long Day before I durst Bury Him. But the Day is now my own. Yet now I think on't *Tattleaid*, be sure to keep an Obstinate Shyness to all our old Acquaintance. Let 'em talk of Favours if they please; if we grant 'em still, they'll grow Tyrants to us; if we Discard 'em, the Chast and Innocent will not believe we could have Confidence to do it, were it so, and the Wise if they believe it, will applaud our Prudence.

Tatt. Ay Madam — I believe Madam — I speak Madam, but my Humble Sence — Mr. Cabinet would Marry you.

Wid. Marry me! No *Tattleaid*. He that is so mean as to Marry a Woman after an affair with her, will be so base as to Upbraid that very Weakness: He that Marries his Wenck, will Use her like his Wenck. Such a pair must sure live in a Secret Mutual Scorn of each other; and Wedlock is Hell, if at least one side does not Love, as it would be Heav'n if both did; and I believe it so much Heav'n as to think it was never Enjoy'd in this World.

Enter a Woman.

Wom. A Gentleman to Mrs. *Tattleaid* —

[*Ex. Tatt.*

Wid. Go to him. Bless me how careless and open have I been to this Subtle Creature in the case of *Cabinet*; she's Certainly in his Interest. We People

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ple of condition are never Guarded enough against those about us. They watch when our Minds boil over with Joy or Greif to come in upon us. How Miserable 'tis to have One one hates always about one, and when One can't endure one's own Reflection upon some Actions, who can bear the thoughts of another upon 'em? But she has me by Deep Deep Secrets. The *Italians* they say can readily Remove the too much intrusted—Oh their pretty scented Gloves! This Wench I know has play'd me False, and Horn'd me in my Gallants: Oh *Italy* I could resign all my Female *English* Liberty to thee, for thy much Dearer Female Pleasure Revenge! Well, what's the matter Dear Tatty?

Enter Tattleaid.

Tatt. The matter Madam, why Madam, Counsellor Puzzle is come to wait on your Ladiship about the Will, and the Conveyance of the Estate; there must it seems be no time lost for fear of things. Fie, Fie, Madam you a Widow these Three hours, and not look'd on a Parchment yet; Oh Impious to neglect the Will of the Dead!

Wid. As you say indeed there is no Will of a Husband so willingly Obey'd as his Last. But I must go in, and receive Him in my Formalities; leaning on a Couch, as necessary a Posture as his going behind his Desk when he speaks to a Client. But do you bring him in hither till I'm ready.

Tat. Mr. Councelour, Mr. Councelour! [*calling.*]

Enter

Enter Puzzle and Clerk.

Puz. Servant Good Madam *Tattleaid*; my Ancient Friend is gone, but Business must be minded.

Tat. I told my Lady twice or thrice, as she lies in Dumb Grief on the Couch within, that you were here, but she regarded me not. However since you say 'tis of such Moment, I'll venture to introduce you; please but to repose here a little while I step in; For methinks I would a little prepare her.
[*Exit Tattleaid.*]

Puz. Alas! Alas! Poor Lady!
Damn'd Hypocrites! Well this Noble's Death is a little sudden; Therefore pray let me recollect. Open the Bag good *Tom*; now *Tom*, thou art my Nephew, my Dear Sister *Kate's* only Son, and my Heir, therefore I will conceal from Thee on no occasion, any thing; For I would enter Thee into Business as soon as possible. Know then Child that the Lord of this House was one of your Men of Honour and Sense, who lose the latter in the former, and are apt to take all men to be like themselves. Now this Gentleman intirely trusted me, and I made the only use a man of Business can of a Trust, I cheated Him: for I imperceptibly, before his Face made his whole Estate liable to a Hundred *per Ann.* for my self, for good Services &c. As for Legacies they are good or not, as I please. For let me tell you, a man must take Pen, Ink and Paper, sit down by an Old Fellow, and pretend to take directions; but a True Lawyer never makes any man's Will but his own; and as the Priest of Old among us got near the Dying Man, and gave all to the Church, so now the Lawyer gives all to the Law.

Clerk. Ay Sir, but Priests then Cheated the Nation

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 15

tion by doing their Offices in an unknown Language.

Puz. True, but Our's is a way much surer, for we Cheat in no Language at all, but Loll in our own Coaches, Eloquent in Gibberish, and Learned in Juggle. Pull out the Parchment, there's the Deed; I made it as long as I could. Well I hope to see the Day, when the Indenture shall be the exact measure of the Land that passes by it; For 'tis a Discouragement to the Gown, that every Ignorant Rogue of an Heir should in a word or two understand his Father's meaning, and hold Ten Acres of Land, by half an Acre of Parchment. Nay I hope to see the time when that wherein there is indeed some Progress made, shall be wholly effected; and by the improvement of the noble Art of Tautology every Inn in *Holborn* an Inn's of Court. Let others Think of Logick Rhetorick and I know not what impertinence, but mind thou Tautology. What's the first Excellence in a Lawyer? Tautology. What the second? Tautology. What the third? Tautology; as an old Pleader said of Action. But Turn to the Deed; [*Pulls out an immeasurable Parchment*] For the Will is of no force if I please, for he was not capable of making one after the former, as I managed it; upon which account I now wait on my Lady. By the way do you Know the True meaning of the word a Deed?

Cle. Ay, Sir, a Deed is as if a man should say the Deed.

Puz. Right: 'Tis emphatically so call'd, because after it all Deeds and Actions are of no effect; and you have nothing to do but hang your self, the only obliging thing you can then do. But I was telling you the Use of Tautology, Read toward the Middle of that Instrument.

Clerk reads] I the said Earl of *Brumpton*,
Do give, Bestow, Grant and Bequeath over and
abo-

16 *The FUNERAL : Or,*

over and above the said Premises, all the site and Capital Messuage call'd by the name of Oatham, and all Outhoules, Barns, Stables and other Ædifices, and Buildings, Yards, Orchards, Gardens, Feilds, Arbors, Trees, Lands, Earths, Medows, Greens, Pastors, Feedings, Woods, Underwoods, Ways, Waters, Watercourses, Fishings, Ponds, Pools, Commons, Common of Pasture, Paths, Heath-Thickets, Profits Commodities, and Emoluments, with their, and every of their Appurtenances whatsoever, to the said Capital Messuage, and site belonging or in any wise appertaining, or with the same heretofore used, occupied, or enjoy'd, accepted, executed, known, or taken as part, parcel, or member of the same, containing in the whole, by Estimation four Hundred Acres of the large Measure, or thereabouts, be the same more or less, all and singular, which the said site Capital Messuage, and other the Premisses with their, and every of their Appurtenances are situate, lying and being —

Puz. Hold hold good *Tom*; you do come on indeed in Business, but don't use your Nose enough in Reading: Why you're quite out, you Read to be Understood; let me see it. I the said Earl — [*Reads in a Ridiculous Law-Tone, till out of breath*] Now again suppose this were to be in Latin. Making Latin, is only making it no English—*Ego Predict, Comes de Brumpton, Totas meas Barnos, Outhoufas, & Stabulas, Yardos.* [*Runs into Latin Terminations*] But there needs no further perusal, I now Recollect the whole. My Lord, by this Instrument, Disinherits his Son utterly, Gives all to my Lady, and moreover, Grants the Wards of two Fortune-Wards to her; *Id est*, to be Sold by her; which is the Subject of

Puzzle nods and sneers at the Synonymous words are repeating, whom L. B. scornfully mimicks.

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GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 17

of my Business to her Ladyship; who methinks a little overdoes the affair of Grief, in letting me wait thus long on such Welcome Articles. But here —

Enter Tatt. Wiping her Eyes.

Tatt. I have in vain done all I can to make her regard me—Pray Mr. *Puzzle*, you're a Man of Sense, come in your self, and speak Reason, to bring her to some Consideration of her self, if possible.

Puz. Tom, I'll come down to the Hall to you. Dear Madam, lead on.

[*Ex. Clerk one way, Puz. Tat. another.*]

Ld. B. and Tru. Advance from their concealment, after a long Pause and staring at each other.

Ld. B. Trusty, on thy Sincerity, on thy Fidelity to me thy Friend, thy Patron, and thy Master, answer me directly to One Question: Am I really Alive? Am I that Identical, that Numerical, that very same Lord *Brumpton*, that —

Tru. That very Lord—that very Lord *Brumpton*, the very Generous Honest and Good Lord *Brumpton*, who spent his strong and riper Years, with Honor and Reputation, but in his Age of Decay declin'd from Virtue. Also that very Lord *Brumpton* who Buried a Fine Lady, who brought him a Fine Son, who is a Fine Gentleman; but in his Age that very Man unseasonably Captivated with Youth and Beauty, Married a very Fine Young Lady, who has dishonour'd his Bed, disinherited his Brave Son, and Dances o're his Grave.

Ld. B. Oh! that Damn'd Tautologist too, That

B

Puzzle

18 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Puzzle and his Irrevocable Deed! [*Pausing*] Well I know I do not really live, but wander o'er the place, where once I had a Treasure. I'll haunt her Trusty, Gaze in that False Beauteous Face, 'till she looks Pale, nay till she Blushes—

Tru. Ay Ay My Lord, you speak a Ghost very much; There's Flesh, and Blood in that Expression, that False beauteous Face!

Ld. B. Then since you see my Weakness, be a Friend, and Arm me with all your Care, and all your Reason.

Tr. If you'll condescend to let me direct you, you shall cut off this rotten Limb your False Disloyal Wife, and save your Noble Parts, your Son, your Family, your Honour.

*Short is the Date in which Ill Acts prevail,
But Honesty's a Rock can never fail.*

[*Exeunt*]

A C T. II.

Enter Lord Hardy, Solus

Lord Hardy.

NOW indeed, I am Utterly Undone; but to expect an Evil softens the weight of it when it happens, and pain no more than pleasure is in reality so great as in expectation. But what will become of me? How shall I keep my Self ev'n above wordly want? Shall I live at Home a stiff, Melancholy, Poor man of Quality? Grow uneasy to

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GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 19

to my Acquaintance as well as my self, by Fancying I'm slighted where I am not; with all the Thousand particularities, which attend those whom low Fortune, and high Spirit make Male-contents? No! we've a Brave Prince on the Throne, whose Commission I bear, and a Glorious War in an Honest Cause, Approaching: [*Clapping his Hand on his Sword*] in which this shall Cut Bread for me; and may perhaps Equal that Estate to which my Birth Entitled me. But what to do in present Pressures—
ha! Trim. [*Calling.*]

Enter Trim.

Tr. My Lord.

L. H. How do the Poor Rogues, that are to recruit my Company?

Tri. Do Sir, they've Eat you to your last Guinea.

L. H. Were you at the Agent's?

Tr. Yes.

L. H. Well, and how?

Tr. Why Sir for your Arrears, You may have Eleven Shillings in the Pound; but he'll not Touch your Growing Subsistence, under Three Shillings in the Pound Interest: besides which You must let his Clerk *Jonathan Item*, Swear the Peace against you to keep you from Duelling, or insure your life, which you may do for Eight per cent. On these terms He'll Oblige you; which he would not do for any Body else in the Regiment, but he has a Friendship for You.

L. H. Oh, I'm his Humble Servant: But he must have his own terms, we can't Starve, nor must my Fellows want. But methinks this is a Calm Mid-night, I've heard no Duns to-Day.

Tr. Duns, My Lord! Why now Your Father's dead and they can't Arrest you, I shall grow a

20 *The FUNERAL: Or;*

little less upon the Smooth with 'em than I have been : Why Friend , says I , how often must I tell you my Lord is not stirring : His Lordship has not Slept well , you must come some other time , Your Lordship will send for him when you are at Leisure to look upon Money affairs : or if they are so Sawcy , so Impertinent as to press to a man of your Quality , for their own , there are Canes , there's *Bridewel* , there's the Stocks for your Ordinary Tradesmen . But to a Haughty Thriving , *Covent-Garden* Mercer , Silk or Lace-man , Your Lordship gives your most Humble Service to Him , hopes his Wife's well ; you have Letters to Write , or you'd see him your self ; but you desire he would be with you Punctually such a Day , that's to say , the Day after you are gone out of Town .

L. H. Go Sirrah , you're Scurrilous ; I won't believe there are such Men of Quality . D'ye hear , give my Service this Afternoon to Mr. *Cutpurse* the Agent , and tell him I am oblig'd to him for his readiness to Serve me , for I'm resolv'd to pay my Debts forthwith .

A Voice without.

I dont know whether he's within or not : Mr. *Trim* is my Lord Within ?

L. H. *Trim* , see who it is ; I an't within you know .

Trim without.

Yes Sir , my Lord's above , Pray Walk up .

L. H. Who can it be , he owns me to ?

Enter

Enter Camply and Trim.

Dear *Tom Camply*, this is kind; You are an Extraordinary Man indeed, who in the sudden accession of a Noble Fortune, can be still Your self, and Visit your less happy Friends.

Cam. No You are, my Lord, the Extraordinary Man, who on the loss of an almost Princely Fortune, can be Master of a Temper, that makes you the envy rather than Pity of your more Fortunate, not more happy Friends.

L. H. Oh Sir, your Servant—But let me Gaze on thee a little; I han't seen thee since I came home into *England*—most Exactly, Negligently, Gentely Dressd! I know there's more than Ordinary in this, [*beating Campley's Breast*] Come, Confess, who shares with me here; I must have her Real and Poetical Name—Come, She's in Sonnet *Cynthia*, In Prose Mistress—

Cam. One you little Dream of, tho' she is in a manner of your placing there.

L. H. My placing there?

Cam. Why, my Lord, all the fine things you've said to me in the Camp, of my Lady *Sharlot*, your Father's Ward, ran in my Head so very much, that I made it my Business to become Acquainted in that Family; which I did by Mr. *Cabinet's* means, and am now in Love, in the same place with your Lordship.

L. H. How, in Love in the same place with me, Mr. *Campley*?

Cam. Ay, my Lord, with t'other Sister, with t'other Sister.

L. H. What a Dunce was I not to know which, without your Naming her? Why thou art the only Man

B ; breathing

22 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

breathing fit to deal with her. But my Lady *Sharlot*, there's a Woman—So easily Vertuous! So agreeably severe! Her Motion so Unaffected, yet so Compos'd! Her Lips breath nothing but Truth, Good Sense, and Flowing Wit.

Cam. Lady *Harriot*! there's the Woman; such Life, such Spirit, such warmth in her Eyes; Such a Lively Commanding Air in her Glances; so Spritely a Mein, that carries in it the Triumph of Conscious Beauty; her Lips are made up of Gum, and Balm; There's something in that Dear Girl that fires my Blood above—above—above—

L. H. Above what?

Cam. A Granadier's March.

L. H. A soft Simile I must confess. But oh that *Sharlot*! to recline this Aching Head, full of Care on that Tender Snowy—Faithful Bosom!

Cam. Oh that *Harriot*? to fold these Arms about the Waist of that Beauteous Strugling—and at last Yeilding Fair!

L. H. Ay *Tom*; but methinks your Head runs too much on the Wedding-Night only, to make your Happiness lasting; mine is fixt on the Married State: I expect my Felicity from Lady *Sharlot*, in her Friendship, her Constancy, her Piety, her Household cares, her Maternal Tenderneſs; You think not of any Excellence of your Mistress, that is more than Skin deep.

Cam. When I know her further than Skin-deep, I'll tell you more of my mind.

L. H. Oh fie *Tom*, how can you talk so lightly of a Woman you Love with Honour? But tell me, I wonder how you make your Approaches, in Beſeiging ſuch a ſort of Creature; ſhe that Loves Addreſſes, Gallantry, Fiddles? That Reigns and Delights in a Crowd of Admirers? If I know her, ſhe's one of thoſe you may eaſily have a general Acquain-

Acquain-

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 23

Acquaintance with, but hard to make Particular.

Cam. You understand her very well. You must know I put her out of all her Play, by carrying it in a Humorous manner: I took care in all my Actions, before I discover'd the Lover, that she should in general have a good Opinion of me; and have ever since behav'd my self with all the good Humour, and ease I was able; so that she is now extremely at a loss, how to throw me from the Familiarity of an Acquaintance, into the distance of a Lover. But I Laugh her out of it; & when she begins to Frown, and look Grave at my Mirth, I Mimick her till she bursts out a Laughing.

L. Hard. That's ridiculous enough.

Cam. By Cabinet's Interest over my Lady Brumpton, and with Gold and Flattery to Mrs. Fardingale, an Old Maid her Ladyship has plac'd about the Young Ladies, I have easy access at all times; and am this very day to be admitted by her into their Apartment. I have found, you must know, that she is my Relation.

L. H. Her Ladyship has chose an odd Companion for young Ladies.

Cam. Oh my Lady's a Politician: she told Tartleaid one day, that an Old Maid was the best Guard for Young ones; for they, like Eunuchs in a Seraglio, are Vigilant, out of Envy of Enjoyments they cannot themselves arrive at. But as I was saying, I've sent my Cousin Fardingale a Song, which she and I are to practise to the Spinnet; The Young Ladies will be by, and I am to be left alone with Lady Harriot; then I design to make my grand Attrack; and to day, Win or Lose her. I know Sir, this is an opportunity you want. If you'll meet me at Tom's, have a Letter ready; I'll my self deliver it to your Mistress, conduct you into the House, and tell her you are there, and

24 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

find means to place you together. You must March under my Command to day, as I have many a one under your's.

L. H. But Faith *Tom* I shall not behave my self with half the Resolution you have under mine; for to confess my Weakness, tho' I know she Loves me, tho' I know she is as Stedfastly mine, as her Heart can make her, I know not how, I have so sublime an Idea of her high Value, and such a melting Tenderneſs dissolves my whole Frame, when I am near her, that my Tongue Faulters, my Nerves Shake, and my Heart so alternately Sinks and Rises, that my premeditated Resolves vanish into Confusion, Down-cast Eyes, and Broken utterance.

Cam. Ha! ha! ha! this in a Campaigner too! Why, my Lord, that's the condition *Harriot* would have me in; and then she thinks she could have me: but I that know her better than she does her self, know she'd insult me, and lead me a Two years Dance longer; and perhaps in the end turn me into the Herd of the many Neglected Men of better Sense, who have been Ridiculous for her sake. But I shall make her no such Sacrifice. 'Tis well my Lady *Sharlot*'s a Woman of so Solid an Understanding; I don't know another that would not Use you ill for your High Value.

L. H. But *Tom* I must see your Song, you've sent your Cousin *Fardingle*, as you call her.

Cam. This is Lucky enough. [*aside.*
No hang it, my Lord, a Man makes so Silly a Figure when his Verses are reading. *Trim*, Thou hast not left of thy Loving and thy Rhiming: *Trim*'s a Critick; I remember him a Servitude at Oxon. [*gives a Paper to Trim*] I give my self into his hands, because you shan't see 'em till I'm gone. My Lord your Servant, you shan't stirr.

L. H.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 25

L. H. Nor you neither then. [struggling.]

Cam. You will be Obey'd. } Exeunt. Ld. Hardy
} waits on him down.

Tr. What's in this Song? Ha! don't my Eyes deceive me? — a Bill of Three Hundred pounds!

Mr. Cash,

PRay Pay to Mr. William Trim, or Bearer,
the Summ of Three Hundred Pounds, and
place it to the Account of,

S I R,

Your Humble Servant,

Thomas Campley.

[Pulling of his Hat and Bowing.] Your very Humble Servant Good Mr. Campley. Ay, this is Poetry, this is a Song indeed! Faith I'll Set it, and Sing it my self—Pray Pay to Mr. William Trim—so far in recitativo—Three Hundred, [singing ridiculously] Hundred—Hundred—Hundred thrice repeated, because 'tis Three Hundred Pounds; I love repetitions in Musick when there's a good reason for it. Po—unds after the Italian Manner. If they'd bring me such Sensible words as these, I'd Out-strip all your Composers, for the Musick Prize. This was honestly done of Mr. Campley. Tho' I have carry'd Him many a Purse from my Master, when He was Ensign to our Company in Flanders.

Enter Lord Hardy.

My Lord, I am your Lordship's Humble Servant.

L. H. Sir your Humble Servant. But pray my Good Familiar Friend, How come You to be so very much my Humble Servant, all of a Sudden.

B 5

Trim.

26 *The FUNERAL : Or ;*

Trim. I beg pardon ; Dear Sir , My Lord , I am not your Humble-Servant.

L. H. No.

Trim. Yes my Lord I am , but not as you mean—but I am—I am My Lord—in short I'm overjoy'd.

L. H. Overjoy'd ! Thour't Distracted—what Ails the Fellow ? Where's *Camply's* Song ?

Trim. Oh , my Lord , one would not think 'twas in him ; Mr. *Camply's* really a very Great Poet , as for the Song , 'tis only as they all end in Rhime—Ow—Woe—Iffes—Kisses—Boy—Joy—But my Lord , The other in Long Heroick Blank Verse.

Reading it with a great Tone.

Pray Pay to Mr. William Trim , or Order , the Summ of—How sweetly it runs ! — Pæctolian Guineas Chink in every Line. [*Ld. H. takes the Bill.*]

L. H. How very handsomely this was done in *Camply* ? I wonder'd indeed he was so willing to shew his Verses. In how careless a manner that Fellow does the Greatest Actions !

Tri. My Lord , Pray my Lord , shan't I go immediately to *Cutpurse's*.

L. H. No Sirrah , now we've no occasion for it.

Tr. No my Lord , only to Stare him full in the Face after I've receiv'd this Money ; not say a word , but keep my Hat on , and walk out. Or perhaps not hear , if any I meet with speak to me , but grow Stiff , Deaf , and Short sighted to all my old Acquaintance , like a Sudden Rich Man as I am. Or perhaps , My Lord , desire *Cutpurse's* Clerk to let me leave Fifty Pounds at their House Payable to Mr. William Trim , or Order , till I come that way , or a Month or two hence , may have occasi-

on

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 27

on for it; I don't know what Bills may be drawn upon me: Then when the Clerk begins to Stare at me, 'Till he pulls the Great Goose-quill from behind His Ear, [*Pulls out a Handfull of Farthings*] I fall a reckoning the Peices as I do these Farthings.

L. H. Well Sirrah, you may have your Humour; but be sure you take Fourscore pounds, and pay My Debts immediately. If you Meet any Officer you ever see me in Company with, that looks Grave at *Cutpurse's* house, tell him I'd speak with him: We must help our Friends. But learn moderation, You Rogue, in your Good-Fortune. Be at home all the Evening after, while I wait at *Tom's* to meet *Campley*, in order to see Lady *Sharlot*.

*My Good or Ill in her Alone is Found,
And in that thought all other cares are Drown'd.*

[*Exit.*]

Enter Sable, Lord Brumpton, Trusty.

Sab. Why my Lord, you can't in Conscience put me off so; I must do according to my Orders, Cut you up, and Embalm you, except you'll come down a little deeper than you Talk of: you don't consider the Charges I have been at already.

L. B. Charges! for what?

Sab. First Twenty Guineas to my Lady's Woman for notice of your Death (a Fee I've, before now, known the Widow her self go halves in, but no matter for that) In the next place Ten Pounds for watching you all your Long fit of Sickness last Winter.

L. B. Watching me! Why I had none but my own Servants, by Turns.

Sab. I mean, attending to give notice of your Death;

28 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Death: I had all your long fit of Sickness last Winter, at Half a Crown a day, a Fellow waiting at your Gate, to bring me Intelligence; but you Unfortunately recover'd, and I Lost all my Obliging pains for your Service.

L. B. Ha! ha! ha! *Sable* Thou art a very Impudent Fellow; Half a Crown a Day to attend my Decease, and dost thou reckon it to Me?

Sab. Look you Gentlemen, don't stand Staring at me; I have a Book at home which I call my Dooms-day-Book, Where I have every man of Quality's Age and Distemper in Town, and know when you should Drop. Nay my Lord if you had Reflected upon your Mortality half so much as Poor I have for you, you would not desire to return to Life thus. In short I cannot keep this a Secret, under the whole Money I am to have for Burying You.

L. B. *Trusty* if you think it safe in you to Obey my Orders, after the Deed *Puzzle* told his Clerk of, Pay it Him.

Tru. I should be glad to give it out of my own Pocket, rather than be without the Satisfaction of seeing you Witness to it.

L. B. I heartily Believe thee, Dear *Trusty*.

Sab. Then my Lord the Secret of your being Alive, is now safe with me.

Tru. I'll Warrant I'll be reveng'd of this Unconscionable Dog.

My Lord you must to your Closet; I fear some Body's coming.

[*aside.*
Exit Sable one way, L. and Trusty another.]

Scene

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 29

Scene Draws and Discovers Lady Sharlot, Reading at a Table, Lady Harriot playing at a Glass to and fro, and Viewing her self.

L. H. Nay, good Sage Sister, you may as well talk to [*Looking at her self as she speaks*] me, as sit Staring at a Book which I know you can't attend. Good Dr. *Lucas* may have writ there what he pleases, but there's no putting *Francis Lord Hardy*, now Earl of *Brumpton* out of your Head, or making him absent from your Eyes; do but look at me now, and Deny it if you can.

L. Sh. You are the Maddest Girle— [*Smiling.*

L. H. Look'e now, I knew you could not say it and forbear Laughing. [*Looking over Sharlot*] Oh I see his Name as plain as you do—*F—r—a—n Fran, c—i—s cis, Francis*, 'Tis in Every line of the Book.

L. Sh. [*Rising*] 'Tis in Vain I see to mind any thing in such Impertinent Company; — But Granting 'twere as you say, as to my Lord *Hardy*; 'Tis more excuseable to admire another than One's self.

L. H. No, I think not — Yes I Grant you, than really to be vain at One's person, But I don't admire my self — Pish! I don't believe my Eyes have that Softness — [*Looking in the Glass.*] They A'n't so peircing: No 'tis only a Stuff the Men will be talking. Some People are such admirers of Teeth — Lord what signifies Teeth? [*showing her Teeth.*] A very Blackamore has as White Teeth as I. No Sister, I Don't admire my self, but I've a Spirit of Contradiction in me: I don't know, I'm in Love with my self, only to Rival the Men.

L. Sh.

30 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

L. Sh. Ay, but Mr. *Campley*! will you gain Ground ev'n of that Rival, your Dear self?

L. Ha. Ha! what have I done to you, that you should name that Insolent intruder? A Confident Opinionative Fop. No indeed; If I be, as a Poetical Lover of mine Sigh'd and Sung, of both Sexes

The Publick Envy, and the Publick Care.

I shan't be so easily Catch'd, I thank him. I want but to be sure, I shou'd Heartily Torment Him, by Banishing him; and then consider whether he should Depart this Life, or not.

L. Sh. Indeed Sister to be Serious with you, this Vanity in your Humour does not all become you.

L. Ha. Vanity! all the Matter is we Gay People are more Sincere than you wise Folks: All your Life's an Art. Speak your Soul. Look you there. [*halling her to the Glass*] Are not you Struck with a Secret Pleasure, when you view that Bloom in your Looks, that Harmony in your Shape, that Promptitude of your Mein?

L. Sh. Well Simpleton, if I am at First so Silly, as to be a little taken with my self, I know it a Fault, and take Pains to Correct it.

L. Ha. Plhaw! Plhaw! talk this Musty Tale to Old Mrs. *Fardingle*; 'tis too soon for me to think at that Rate.

L. Sh. They that think it too soon to Understand themselves, will very soon find it too Late. But tell me honestly, don't you like *Campley*?

L. Ha. The Fellow is not to be Abhorr'd, if the Forward thing did not think of Getting me so easily. Oh! I hate a Heart I can't break when I please. What makes the Value of Dear China, but that 'tis so Brittle? Were it not for that, you might

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 31

might as well have Stone-Muggs in your Closet.
L. Sh. Hift, Hift, Here's *Fardingale*.

Enter Fardingale.

Far. Lady *Harriot*, Lady *Sharlot*, I'll entertain you now; I've a new Song, Just come Hot out of the Poet's Braine. Lady *Sharlot*, My Cousin *Camp-ley* writ it, and 'tis Set to a pretty Air, I warrant you.

L. Ha. 'Tis like to be Pretty indeed of his writing. *[flings away.]*

Far. Come, Come — This is not one of your Tringham Trangham Witty things, that your Poor Poets write; no 'tis well known my Cousin *Campley* has Two Thousand pounds a Year. But this is all Dissimulation in you.

L. Sh. 'Tis so indeed, for your Cousin's Song's very pretty Mrs. *Fardingale*:

Reads.

*Let not Love on me bestow
Soft Distress, and tender Woe;
I know none but substantial Blisses,
Eager Glances, solid Kisses:
I know not what the Lovers feign,
Of finer Pleasure mix'd with Pain;
Then prithee give me gentle Boy,
None of thy Grief, but all thy Joy.*

But *Harriot* thinks that a little unreasonable, to expect one, without enduring t'other.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Ser. There's your Cousin *Campley* to wait on you, without.

Far. Let him come in; We shall have the Song now.

Enter Campley.

Cam. Ladies your most Obedient Servant. Your Servant Lady *Sharlot*. Servant Lady *Harriot* [*Har. looks Grave upon him*] What's the Matter Dear Lady *Harriot*? Not well? I protest to you I'm mightily concern'd. [*pulls out a Bottle*] This is a most Excellent Spirit; Snuff it up Madam.

L. H. Pish—The Familiar Coxcomb Frets me Heartily.

Cam. 'Twill over I hope immediately.

L. Sh. Your Cousin *Fardingale* has shown us some of your Poetry; there's the Spinet Mr. *Campley*, I know you're Musical.

Cam. She should not have call'd it my Poetry.

Fa. No? Who waits there? Pray bring my Lute out of the next Room —

Enter Servant with a Lute.

You must know, I con'd this Song before I came in, and find 'twill go to an excellent Air of Old Mr. *Law's*, who was my Mother's intimate Acquaintance: my Mother's! what do I talk of? I mean my Grand-Mother's. Oh here's the Lute. Cousin *Campley*, hold the Song upon your Hat. [*Aside to him*] 'Tis a pretty Gallantry to a Relation.

Sings

GRIEF A LA-MODE. 33

Sings and Squawls.

Let not Love, &c.

Oh! I have left off these things many a day.

Cam. No; I profess Madam you do it Admirably; But are not assur'd enough. Take it higher Thus— [*In her own Squawl.*] I know your Voice will bear it.

L. Ha. Oh hideous! Oh the gross Flatterer! I shall burst. Mrs. *Fardingle* pray go on, the Musick fits the words most aptly. Take it higher as your Cousin advises.

Far. Oh dear Madam, do you really like it? I do it purely to please you; for I can't Sing alas.

L. Sh. We know it good Madam, we know it; But pray—

Far. *Let not Love, and substantial Blissess*, is Lively enough, and ran accordingly in the Tune [*Curtseys to the Company*] Now I took it higher.

L. H. Incomparably done! Nothing can equal it, except your Cousin Sang his own Poetry.

Camp. [*Delivering a Letter to Lady Sharlot.*] Madam from my Lord *Hardy*. How do you say my Lady *Harriot*? except I Sing it my self; then I assure you I will.

L. Sh. I han't patience, I must go Read my Letter. [*Exit.*]

Camp. Sings. Let not Love, &c.

Far. Bless me, what's become of Lady *Sharlot*?

L. Ha. Mrs. *Fardingle*, Mrs. *Fardingle*, what must we lose you? *Going after her.*

Campley runs to the Door, takes the Key out, and locks her in.

What means this Insolence? a Plot upon me! Do you know who I am?

Cam. Yes Madam; you're my Lady ^{*Harriet*} ~~Sharlott~~ Lovely, with Ten Thousand Pounds in your Pocket: and I am Mr. Campley, with Two Thousand a Year; of Quality enough to pretend to you. And I do design before I leave this Room, to hear you talk like a reasonable Woman, as Nature has made you. Nay 'tis in vain to Flounce, and Discompose your self and your Dress. —

L. Ha. If there are Swords, if there are men of Honour, and not all Dastards, Cowards that pretend to this Injur'd Person —

Cam. Ay Ay, Madam, let 'em come. That's patting me in my way, Fighting's my Trade. But you've us'd all mankind too ill to expect so much service. In short Madam, were you a Fool I should not desire to expostulate with You; [*Seizing her hand.*] But —

L. Ha. Unhand me Ravisher —

Cam. But Madam, Madam, Madam, why Madam!

Pulls her hand from him, Chafes round the Room, Campl. after her.

*Prishee Cynthia look behind you,
Age and Wrinkles will o'ertake You.*

Sings.

L. Ha. Age, Wrinkles, Small-Pox, any thing that's most Abhorrent to Youth and Bloom, were welcome in the place of so detested a Creature.

Cam. No such matter Lady Harriot; I would not be a Vain Coxcomb, but I know I am not detestable;

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 35

ble; nay know where you've said as much, before you Understood me for your Servant. Was I immediately transform'd because I became Your Lover?

L. Ha. My Lover, Sir! Did I ever give you reason to think I admitted you as such?

Cam. Yes you did, in your using me ill; for if you did not assume upon the Score of my pretending to you, how do you answer to your self, some parts of your behaviour to me as a Gentleman? 'Tis trivial all this in you, and derogates from the Good Sense I know you Mistress of. Do but consider, Madam; I have long Lov'd you, bore with your Phantastick humour through all its Mazes; Nay do not Frown, for 'tis no better. I say I have bore with this Humour; but would you have me with an unmanly Servitude Feed it? No, I Love You with too sincere, too honest a Devotion, and would have your Mind as faultless as your Person; which 'twould be, if you'd lay aside this Vanity of being pursued with Sighs, with Flatteries, with Nonsense. [*She walks about less violently but more confus'd.*] Oh my Heart akes at the disturbance which I give her, but she must not see it. [*aside.* Had I not better tell you of it now, than when you 're in my Power? I should be then too Generous to thwart your Inclination.

L. Ha. That is indeed very handsomely said. Why should I not obey Reason as soon as I see it? [*aside.* Since 'tis so, Mr. Campley, I can as ingenuously now, as I should then acknowledge that I have been in an error.

[*looking down on her Fan.*]

Cam. Nay that's too Great a Condescension: Oh Excellence! I repent. I see 'twas but Justice in you to demand my Knees, [*Kneeling*] my Sighs, my constant Tenderest regard, and Service; And you shall have 'em; since you are above 'em.

36 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

L. Ha. Nay Mr. *Campley*, you won't recall me to a Fault you have so lately shown me. I will not suffer this. No more Extasies. But pray, Sir, what was't you did to get my Sister, out of the room?

Cam. You may know it, and I must desire you to assist my Lord *Hardy* there, who Writ to her by me: for he is no Ravisher, as you call'd me just now. He is now in the House, and I would fain gain an Interview.

L. Ha. That they may have, but they'l make little use of it: for the Tongue is the Instrument of Speech to us of a lower Form; They are of that high Order of Lovers, who know none but Eloquent Silence, and can utter themselves only by a Gesture that speaks their Passion Inexpressible, and what not? Fine things!

Cam. But pray let's go into your Sister's Closet, while they are together.

L. Ha. I swear I don't know how to see my Sister; she'll Laugh me to Death to see me out of my Pantofles, and you and I thus Familiar. However, I know she'll approve it.

Cam. You may boast your self a Heroine to her, and the first Woman that was ever Vanquish'd by hearing Truth; and had sincerity enough to receive so rough an Obligation, as being made acquainted with her Faults. Come Madam, stand your Ground bravely; we'll March in to her thus [*She leaning on Campley*]

L. Ha. Who'll believe a Woman's Anger more? I've betray'd the whole Sex to you Mr. *Campley*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Campley & Lord Hardy.

Cam. My Lord, her Sister who now is mine, will immediately send her hither. But be your self,

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 37

self; charge her Bravely. I wish she were a Cannon,
—an Eighteen Pounder for your sake: Then I
know, were there occasion, you'd be in the mouth
of Her.

L. Har. I long yet fear to see her. I know I am
unable to utter my self. —

Cam. Come retire here till she appears.

[go back to the Door.

Enter Lady Sharlot.

L. Shar. Now is the tender Moment now ap-
proaching. There he is. [aside.

[They approach and salute each other Trembling
Your Lordship will please } After a very long pause,
to sit; } stolen Glances, and ir-
resolute Gesture.

Your Lordship I think has travell'd those parts of
Italy where the Armies Are?

Ld. Har. Yes Madam.

La. Shar. I think I have Letters from You, Dated
Mantua?

Ld. Har. I hope you have, Madam, and that
their purpose —

La. Shar. My Lord — [looking serious and
confus'd.]

Ld. Har. Was not your Ladiship going to say
something?

La. Shar. I only attended to what your Lordship
was going to say — that is my Lord — But you
were I believe going to say something of that Garden
of the World *Italy*. I am very sorry your Misfor-
tunes in *England* are such as may make you justly
regret your leaving that place.

Ld. Har. There is a Person in *England* may make
those losses insensible to me.

C 3

La.

La. Shar. Indeed my Lord, there have so very few of Quality attended his Majesty in the War, that your Birth and Merit may well hope his favour.

Ld. Har. I have, indeed, all the Zeal in the World for His Majesty's Service, and most Grateful affection for His Person, but Did not then mean Him.

La. Shar. But can you indeed impartially say that our Island is really preferable to the rest of the World; or is it an Arrogance only in us to think so?

Ld. Har. I profess Madam, that little I have seen, has but more endear'd *England* to me; for that Medly of Humours which perhaps distracts our Publick Affairs, does, methinks, improve our Private Lives, and makes Conversation more Various; and consequently more pleasing. Every where else, both Men and Things have the same Countenance; in *France* you meet much Civility and little Friendship; in *Holland* deep Attention, but little Reflexion; in *Italy* all Pleasure but no Mirth: but here with us, where you have every where Pretenders, or Masters in every Thing, you can't fall into Company wherein you shall not be Instructed or Diverted.

La. Shar. I never had an Account of any thing from you my Lord, but I mourn'd the loss of my Brother; you would have been so happy a Companion for Him, with that right Sense of your's. My Lord, you need not bow so Obsequiously, for I do you but Justice. But you sent me Word of your seeing a Lady in *Italy* very Like me. Did you Visit her often?

Ld. Ha. Once or twice; but I observ'd her so loose a Creature, that I could have Kill'd her for having your Person.

La.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 39

La. Shar. I thank You Sir; But Heav'n that preserves me Unlike her, will I hope make her more like me. But your Fellow-Traveller — His Relations themselves know not a Just account of Him.

Ld. Har. The Original cause of his Fever, was a Violent Passion for a fine Young Woman he had not power to speak to; but I told her his regard for her, as passionately as possible.

La. Shar. You were to him, what Mr. Campley has been to You. Whither am I running? Poor your Friend — Poor Gentleman —

Ld. Har. I hope then as Mr. Campley's Eloquence is greater, so has been his Success.

La. Shar. My Lord?

Ld. Har. Your Ladyship's. —

Enter Lady Harriot.

La. Har. Undone! Undone! *Tattleaid* has found by some means or other, that *Campley* brought my Lord *Hardy* hither; we are Utterly ruin'd, my Lady's coming.

Ld. Hardy. I'll stay and confront her.

La. Shar. It must not be; we are too much in her Power.

Enter Campley.

Cam. Come, Come my Lord, we're routed Horse and Foot: down the Back-stairs, and so out.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ladies. Ay, Ay —

L. Har. I Tremble every Joint of me.

L. Sh. I'm at a stand a little, but rage will Recover me: she's coming in.

Enter Widow.

Wid. Ladies your Servant, I fear I Interrupt you, have you Company? Lady *Harriot* your Servant, Lady *Sharlot* your Servant: What not a word — Oh I beg your Ladiship's Pardon, Lady *Sharlot* did I say? My young Lady *Brumpton*, I wish you Joy.

La. Shar. Oh your Servant Lady dowager *Brumpton*. That's an Appellation of much more Joy to you.

Wid. So smart Madam! But you should methinks, have made one acquainted — Yet Madam your Conduct is seen Through.

La. Shar. My Conduct, Lady *Brumpton*!

Wid. Your Conduct Lady *Sharlot*!

La. Shar. Madam, 'Tis you are seen through all your thin Disguises.

Wid. I seen! by Whom?

La. Shar. By an all-peircing Eye; nay by what you much more fear, The Eye of the World. The World sees you, or shall see you; It shall know your Secret Intemperance, your Publick Fasting, Loose Poems in your Closet, a Homily on your Toilet, Your Easy skilfull practis'd Hypocrisy, by which you wrought upon your Husband, basely to Transfer the Trust, and Ward of Us two helpless Virgins, into the hands and Care of — I cannot name it — you'r a Wicked Woman —

La. Hs. [*aside*] Oh Rare Sister! 'tis a fine thing to keeps one's Anger in stock by one. We that are Angry and Pleas'd every half hour, have nothing at all, of all this High-flown Fury. Why she Rages like a Princess in a Tragedy. Blessings on her Tongue.

Wid.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 41

Wid. Is this the effect of your Morning Lectures, your self-examination, all this Fury?

La. Sh. Yes it is Madam; if I take Pains to Govern my Passions, it shall not give License to others to Govern 'em for me.

Wid. Well Lady *Sharlot*, however you ill deserve it of me, I shall take care while there are Locks and Bars to keep you from Lord *Hardy*; From being a Leaguer Lady, From carrying a Knapfack.

La. Sh. Knapfack! Do you upbraid the Poverty your own Wicked Arts have brought him to. Knapfack! Oh grant me Patience; can I hear this of the Man I Love? Knapfack! I have not words—

[*stamps about the Room.*]

Wid. I leave you to Cool upon it; Love and Anger are very warm Passions. [Exit.]

La. H. She has Lock'd us in.

La. Sh. Knapfack! Well I will break Walls to go to Him. I could sit down and Cry my Eyes out. Dear Sister what a Rage have I been in? Knapfack! I'll give vent to my Just resentment. Oh how shall I avoid this Base Woman? how meet that Excellent Man? What a helpless Condition are you and I in now? If We run into the World, that youth & Innocence which should demand assistance, does but attract Invaders. Will Providence Guard us? Now do I see that our Sex is Naturally Indigent of Protection. I hope 'tis in Fate to Crown our Loves; For 'tis only in the Protection of Men of Honour, that we are Naturally, Truly safe;

*And Woman's happiness, for all her Scorn,
Is only by that Side whence she was Born,*

A C T. III.

*Enter Lord Hardy, Campley, Trim.**Lord Hardy.*

That Jade *Tattelaïd* saw me upon the Stairs ; for I had not Patience to keep my Concealment , but must Peep out , to see what was become of you.

Cam. But we have advice however it seems from the Garrison already. This Mistress of *Trim*'s is a mighty Lucky Accident.

Tr. Ay Gentlemen , she has free Egress , and Regress ; and you know the French are the best Bred People in the World. She'll be Assistant. But Faith I have one Scruple that hangs about me, and that is — Look you my Lord , we Servants have no Masters in their Absence. In a word when I am with *Mademoiselle* , I talk of your Lordship as only a Particular Acquaintance ; that I do Business indeed for you sometimes : I must needs say , crys I , that indeed my Lord *Hardy* is really a Person I have a great Honour for.

Ld. Ha. Pish ! is that all ? I understand you. Your Mistress does not know that you do me the Honour to Clean my Shoes or so upon occasion. Prethee *Will* make your self as considerable as you please.

Tr. Well then , your Lesson is this. She out of her Respect to me , and understanding Mr. *Campley* was an Intimate , of my Friend my Lord *Hardy* , and condescending (tho she is of a Great House in *France*) to make Manto's for the Improvement of the

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 43

the English, which gives her Easy admittance, she I say mov'd by these Premises, has vouchsaf'd to bring a Letter from Lady Harriot to Mr. Campley, and came to me to bring her to him. You are to understand also that she is Dress'd in the latest French Cut; Her Dress is the Model of their Habit, and her self of their Manners; for she is — But you shall see Her. [Exit.

Ld. Ha. This gives me some life. Cheer up Tom — but behold the Solemnity! Do you see Trim's Gallantry; I shall Laugh out.

Enter Trim Leading in Mademoiselle.

Trim. My Dear Lord Hardy, this is *Mademoiselle D'Epingle*, whose name you've often heard me Sigh.

[*Ld. salutes her.*

Mr Campley, M. D'Epingle. [*Campley salutes her.*

Mad. Votre Servante Gentlemen, Votre Servante.

Cam. I protest to you, I never saw any thing so becoming as your Dress. Shall I beg the Favour, you'd condescend to let Mr. Trim, lead you once round the Room, that I may admire the Elegance of your Habit?

[*Trim leads her round.*

Ld. Ha. How could you ask such a thing?

Cam. Pshaw my Lord, your are a Bashful English Fellow: You see she is not surpriz'd at it, but thinks me Gallant in desiring it. Oh Madam! your Air! The Negligence, the Disengagement of your Manner! Oh how Delicate is your Noble Nation! I Swear there's none but the Clumsy Dutch and English would oppose such Polite Conquerors: When shall you see an English Woman so Dress'd?

Mad. De Englife! Poor Barbarians, poor Savages; they know no more of de Dress, but to
cover

cover dere Nakedness [*glides along the Room.*] De-
be cloded, but no dress'd — But Monsieur Terim
which Monsieur Campley?

Tr. That's Honest Tom Campley.

Cam. At your Service Mademoiselle.

Mad. I fear I incur de Cen-
sure, but Mr. Terim, being } *Pulling out the Let-*
your Intimate Friend, and I } *ter, and Recollecting*
designing to Honour Him, in de way of an Hus- } *as loath to deliver it.*
band — So, So, how I do run away in Discourse;
I never make promise to Mr. Terim before, and
now to do it par accident.

Cam. Dear Will Trim is extreemly obliging, in
having prevail'd upon you, to do a thing, that
the Severity of your Virtue, and the Greatness of
your Quality (tho' a Stranger in the Country, you
now honour by your Dwelling in it) would not let
you otherwise condescend to.

Mad. Oh Monsieur! Oh Monsieur! You speak
my very Thoughts. Oh! I don't know how! Pardon
me to give a Billet — it so look — Oh [*drops it,*
Fie! I can no stay after it.

I beg ten thousand pardons } *Runs affectedly to the*
for go away so mal a propos — } *other end of the Room,*
} *Then quite out.*
} *Re enters.*

[*Curtsies as going.*]

Ld. Hu. Your Servant Good Madam. Mr. Trim
you know you Command here: pray if Madam
D'Epingle will Honour our Cottage with longer
stay, wait on her in, and Entertain Her. Pray
Sir, be Free.

Tr. My Lord you know your Power over me,
I'm all Complaisance. [*Leads her out.*]

Cam. Now to my Dear Epistle —

SIR,

Here is One thing which you were too Ge-
nerous to touch upon in our last Conversa-

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 45

tion. We have reason to fear the Widow's practices in relation to our Fortunes, if you are not too quick for her. I ask Lady Sharlot whether this is not her Sense to Lord Hardy; She says nothing, but lets me write on. These People always have, and will have admittance every where, therefore we may hear from you.

I am,

SIR,

Your most Obedient Servant.

HARRIOT LOVELY.

My Obedient Servant !

Thy Obedience shall ever be as voluntary as now. Ten Thousand, Thousand Kisses on Thee, Thou Dear Paper. Look you my Lord, what a pretty hand it is?

Ld. Ha. Why Tom, thou dost not give me leave to see it, you Snatch it to your Mouth so, you'll stifle the Poor Lady.

Cam. Look you my Lord, all along the Lines here went the Pen; And through them White Intervals her Snowy Fingers. Do you see this her Name?

Ld. Ha. Nay there's Lady Sharlot's Name too in the mid'st of the Letter. Why you'll not be so unconcionable; you're so greedy; you'll give me one Kifs sure.

Cam. Well you shall; but you're so Eager. Don't Bite me, for you shan't have it in your own hands; there, there, there, Let go my hand.

Ld. Har. What an Exquisite pleasure there is in this Foolery! But what shall we do?

Cam. I have a Thought, Prethee my Lord call

Ld.

46 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Ld. Har. Ha, *Trim*.

Cam. Hold, *Mr. Trim*. You forget his Mistress is there.

Ld. Har. Cra'mercy. Dear *Will Trim*, step in hither.

Cam. Ay that's something. [Enter *Trim*.]

Trim have Not I seen a Young Woman sometimes carry Madam D'Epingle's Trinkets for her, coming from my Lady Brumpton's?

Tri. Yes, you might have seen such a one; she waits for her now.

Cam. Do you think you could not prevail for me to be dress'd in that Wenche's Cloaths, and attend your Mistress in her stead thither? They'll not Dream we should so soon attempt again.

Tri. Yes, I'll Engage it.

Cam. Then we'll trust the rest to our good Genius. I'll about it instantly. *Harriot Lovely*.

[Exit kissing the Letter.]

Enter Widow, & Tattleaid.

Wid. This was well done of you; be sure you take care of their Young Ladyships; You shall I promise you have a Snip in the Sale of 'em.

Tatt. I thank your Good Ladyship.

Wid. Is that the Porter's Paper of How Dee's?

Tatt. Yes Madam, he just sent it up. His general Answer is, that you're as well as can be expected in your condition, but that you see no Body.

Wid. That's right. [reading names] Lady *Riggle*, Lady *Formal*; oh that *Riggle*, a pert Ogler, an indiscreet silly thing, who is really known by no man, yet for her carriage Justly thought common to all; and as *Formall* has only the appearance of Virtue, so she has only the appearance of Vice. What chance, I wonder, put these contradictions to each other into the same Coach, as you say they call'd?

Mrs.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 47.

Mrs. Francis, and Mrs. Winifred Glebe; who are they?

Tatt. They are the Country Great Fortunes, have been out of Town this whole Year; they are those whom your Ladyship said upon being very well born, took upon 'em to be very ill bred.

Wid. Did I say so? really I think 'twas apt enough, now I remember 'em. Lady *Wrinkle*, oh that Smugg old Woman; there's no enduring her affectation of Youth: but I plague her; I always ask, whether her Daughter in *Wiltshire*, has a Grandchild yet or nor.

Lady *Worthy*; I can't bear her Company, she has so much of that Virtue in her heart, which I have in my mouth only. [aside.]

Mrs. *After-Day*; Oh that's she that was the Great Beauty, the mighty Toast about Town, that's Just come out of the Small-Pox, she's horridly pitted they say; I long to see her and plague her with my Condolance: 'Tis a pure ill-natur'd satisfaction, to see one that was a Beauty, unfortunately move with the same languor, and softness of behaviour, that once was Charming in her; To see, I say, her Mortify that us'd to Kill, ha ha ha! The rest are a Catalogue of mere Names or Titles, they were Born to an insipid croud of the neither Good nor Bad. But you are sure these other Ladies suspect not in the least that I know of their Coming?

Tatt. No, Dear Madam, they are to ask for me.

Wid. I hear a Coach —

[Exit Tatt.]

I've now an Exquisite pleasure in the Thought of surpassing my Lady *Sly*, who pretends to have outgriev'd the whole Town for her Husband —

They are certainly coming — Oh no! here let me

— Thus let me sit and

Think. Wretched dis-

consolate as I am! oh

wellcome, wellcome,

wellcome,

Widow on her Couch; while she is raving as to her self, Tatt. softly brings in the Ladies.

dear

48 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

dear killing Anguish! oh that I could lie down,
and die in my present heaviness! But what — how?
Nay my Dear Dear Lord! Why do you look so
Pale so Gently at me; Wottoo, Wottoo Fright
thy own Trembling shivering Wife —

Tatt. Nay good Madam be Comforted.

Wid. Thou shalt not have me. [*pushes Tatt.*

Tatt. Nay, Good Madam, 'Tis I, 'Tis I your
Lordship's own Woman; 'Tis I, Madam, that
Dress you, and talk to You, and tell you all
that's done in the House every day; 'tis I —

Wid. Is it then possible? is it then possible that
I am left? speak to me not — hold me not — I'll
Break the Listening Walls with my Complaints.

Ah! *Tattleaid* —

*Looks surpriz'd at
seeing Company, then
severely at Tattleaid.*

1st. La. Nay, Madam, be not Angry at her, we
would come in in spite of her; We are your Friends,
and are as concern'd as you —

Wid. Ah! Madam, Madam, Madam, } *All join in
Madam, I am an undone Woman! Oh her Notes.*
me! Alas! Alas! Oh! Oh!

I swoon. I expire.

[*Faints.*

2d. La. Pray Mrs *Tattleaid* Bring something that
is cordial to her.

[*Exit Tatt.*

3d. La. Indeed, Madam, you should have Pa-
tience; his Lordship was Old. To Die is but going
before in a Journey we must all take.

Enter Tattleaid loaded with Bottles.

*3d. Lady takes a Bottle from her
and Drinks.*

4th. La. Lord! How my Lady *Fleer* Drinks; I've
heard indeed but never could believe it of her.

[*Drinks also.*

1st. La. But Madam, Don't you hear what the
Town

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 49

Town says of the Jilt *Flirt*, the men lik'd so much in the *Park*? Harkee—was seen } *whispers by*
with Her in a Hackney-Coach } *interruptions.*
—and Silk - Stockins — Key - hole — his Wigg
— on the Chair —

2d. *La.* Impudent *Flirt*, to be found out!

3d. *La.* But I speak it only to you.

4th. *La.* Nor I but to one more. [*Whispers next Wo.*

5th. *La.* I can't believe it; Nay I always thought it. Madam — [*Whispers the Widow.*

Wid. Sure 'tis impossible! The Demure Prim thing; sure all the World's Hypocrisy. Well, I thank my Stars, whatsoever sufferings I have, I've none in Reputation. I wonder at the Men; I could never think her handsome. She has really a good Shape and Complexion, but no Mein. And no Woman has the use of her Beauty without Mein. Her Charms are Dumb, they want utterance. But whither does distraction lead me to talk of Charms?

1st. *La.* Charms! a Chit's, a Girl's Charms. Come let us Widows be true to our selves, keep our Countenances, and our Characters, and a Fig for the Maids: I mean for the Unmarried.

2d. *La.* Ay, since they will set up for our Knowledge, why should not we for their Ignorance?

3d. *La.* But Madam, o' Sunday Morning at Church, I curtsied to You, and look'd at a Great Fussie in a Glaring light Dress, next Pew. That strong Masculine thing is a Knight's Wife: she pretends to all the Tenderness in the World, and would fain put the Unweildy upon us for the Soft, the Languid. She has of a sudden left her Dayry, and sets up for a fine Town-Lady; calls her Maid *Sissy* her Woman, speaks to her by her Sirname Mrs. *Cherrifst*; and her great Foot-Boy of Nineteen, big enough for a Trooper, is strip'd into a Lace-Coat, now Mr. Page forsooth.

D

4th.

50 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

4th. La. Oh! I have seen her — Well I heartily Pity some People for their Wealth; they might have been unknown else. You'd Die, Madam, to see her and her Equipage. I thought the honest Fat Tits her Horses were ashamed of their Finery; they Drag'd on, as if they were still at the Plough; and a great Bashful-look'd Booby behind, grasp'd the Coach, as if he held one.

5th. La. Alas some People think there's nothing but being Fine to be Gentile: but the high Prance of the Horses and the Brisk Insolence of the Servants in an Equipage of Quality, are Inimitable, but to our own Beasts and Servants.

1st. La. Now you talk of Equipage; I Envy this Lady, the Beauty she'll appear in, in a Mourning Coach; 'twill so become her Complexion. I confess I my self mourn'd Two Years, for no other reason. Take up that Hood there; oh that Fair Face with a Vail! [They take up her hoods.]

Wid. Fie Fie Ladies — But I've been told indeed Black does become —

2d. La. Well, I'll take the Liberty to speak it, There's young *Nutbrain* has long had (I'll be Sworn) a Passion for this Lady: But I'll tell you one thing I fear she'll dislike, that is, he's younger than she is.

3d. La. No that's no exception: But I'll tell you one, He's younger than his Brother.

Wid. Ladies, talk not of such Affairs: Who cou'd Love such an unhappy Relict as I am? But Dear Madam, what Grounds have you for that Idle story?

4th. La. Why he toasts you, and trembles when you're spoke of: it must be a Match.

Wid. Nay, Nay, you rally, you rally: But I Know you mean it Kindly.

1st. Lady. I swear we do.

Tatt.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 51

Tatt. whispers the Widow.

Wid. But I must beseech You Ladies, since you have been so compassionate, as to visit, and accompany my sorrow, to give me the only comfort I can now know, to see my Friends Chearful, and to honour an Entertainment *Tattle*aid has prepar'd within for You: If I can find strength enough, I'll attend you: But I wish you'd excuse me, for I've no relish of Food or Joy, but will try to get a Bit down in my own Chamber.

All. No no, you must go with us.

1st. La. There's no pleasure without You.

Wid. But, Madam, I must beg of your Ladyship not to be so importune to my fresh Calamity, as to mention *Nutbrain* any more: I'm sure there's nothing in it. In Love with me quoth a'! [*is help'd of.*]

Exeunt.

Enter Mademoiselle, and Campley in Woman's Cloaths carrying her things.

Ma. I ver'y glad us be in de Ladies Antichamber; I was sham'd of you, You you such an impudent look: Besides me wonder you were not seiz'd by the Constable, when you push'd de man into de Kennell.

Cam. Why, should I have let him Kifs'd me?

Ma. No: But if you 'had hit him wit Fan, and say, why sure sawcy-box, it been enough; beside what you hitted de Gentleman for offer Kisse me.

Cam. I beg pardon, I did not know you were pleas'd with it.

Ma. Please, no; but me rader be Kisse, den you, Mr. *Terim's* Friend, be found out. Could not you say when he Kisse me, sure sawcy-box dat's meat for your Master. Besides, you take such strides when you Walk. Walk — oh Fic; dese littill pette

52 *The FUNERAL : Or,*

Tiny bits a Woman steps. *[Shewing her steps.]*

Cam. But Prethee *Mademoiselle*, why have you lost your English Tongue all of a sudden? Methought when the Fellow call'd us French Whores, as we came along, and said we came to Starve their own People, Ye gave him pretty plain English; he was a Dog, a Rascall; you'd send him to the Stocks—

Ma. Ha! ha! ha! I was in a Passion and betray'd my self; but you're my Lover's Friend, and a man of Honour, therefore I know you'll do nothing to injure us: Why, *Mr. Campley*, you must know I can speak as good English as you; but don't, for fear of Losing my Customers. The English will never give a Price for any thing they Understand. Nay I've known some of your Fools pretend to buy with good breeding, and give a rate rather than not be thought to have French enough to know what they were doing: strange and far-fetch'd things they only like. Don't you see how they swallow Gallons of the Juice of Tea while their own Dock-leaves are trod under Foot? But Mum. My Lady Harriot.

Enter Lady Harriot.

Madam, vostre Servante, servante.

La. Har. Well *Mademoiselle*, did you Deliver my Letter?

Ma. Ovi.

La. Har. Well and How—is that it in your Hand?

Mad. Ovi.

La. Har. Well then, why don't you give it me?

Mad. Oh Fie! Lady, dat be so right English de English mind only de Word of de Lovers; but de Words of de Lovers are often Lye, but de Action no Lye.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 53

La. Har. What does the thing mean? Give me my Letter.

Mad. Me did not deliver your Letter.

La. Har. No?

Mad. No; me tell you, me did drop it; to see Mr. Campley how Cavalier to take it up. As dese me Drop it, so Monsieur Run take it up—

[*They both run to take it up.*

[*Mad. takes it.*

La. Har. Will you give me my Letter or not?

Mad. Ovi — But dus he do — } *They both run*
Dere de Letter — ver'y well, very } *Harriot gets*
well. O L'Amour! You Act de } *it.*
manner Mr. Campley take it up better den I, do' you no see it?

La. Har. [*Reads.*]

MADAM,

I Am glad you mention'd what indeed I did not at that time think of; nor if I had shou'd I have known how to have spoken of. But bless me more than Fortune can, by turning those Fair Eyes upon, Madam

You most Faithfull,

Most Obedient humble Servant,

THO. CAMPLEY.

What does he mean? But bless me } *Looking about*
more — by turning — Oh 'tis He } *observes Cam.*
Himself! Oh the Hoiden! The } *smile.*
Romp! I did not think any thing could add to your Native confidence; but you look so very Bold in that Dress — and your Arms will fall of, And your Petticoats how they hang?

Cam. Mademoiselle, Voulez vous De Salville,

D 3

Leau

54 *The FUNERAL : Or,*

Leau D'Hongrie , Chez Monsieur Marchand de Montpelier — Dis for your Teet , [*showing the Trinkets*] De Essence , a little Book French for teach de elder Broders make Compliments. Will you I say have any thing that I have , Will you have all I have , Madam ?

La. Har. Yes , and for the Humour's sake , will never part with this Box , while I Live ; ha , ha ha !

Cam. But Lady Harriot , we must not stand Laughing , as you observe in your letter , delays are dangerous in this Wicked Woman's Custody of you : Therefore I must Madam beseech you , and pray stay not on Niceties but be advis'd.

La. Har. Mr. Campley I have no Will but your's.

Cam. Thou Dear Creature — but [*Kisses her hand*] Harkee then you must Change Dresses with *Mademoiselle* , and go with me instantly.

La. Har. What you please.

Cam. Madam D'Epingle , I must desire you to comply with a Humour of Gallantry of our's ; you may be sure I'll have an Eye over the Treatment you have upon my account , only to Change Habits with Lady Harriot , and let her go , while you stay.

Ma. Wit all my Heart. [*offers to undress her self.*]

La. Ha. What before Mr. Campley ?

Ma. Oh Oh , very *Anglaise* ! Dat is so *Englise* , all Women of Quality en *France* are Dress and Undress , by a Valet-de-Chambre : De man Chamber-maid help Complexion , better Den de Woman.

[*apart to Harriot.*]

La. Ha. Nay , that's a Secret in Dress *Mademoiselle* , I never knew before ; and am so unpolish'd an English Woman as to resolve never to learn , ev'n to Dress before my Husband. Oh ! indecency ! Mr. Campley do you hear what *Mademoiselle* says ?

Ma. Oh ! Hift — Bagatelle.

La.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 55

La Ha. Well, We'll run in and be ready in an instant. [Ex. *L. Harriot and Mademoiselle.*

Cam. Well I like her every Minute better and better. What a delicate Chastity she has! There's something so gross in the Carriage of some Wives tho' they're Honest too, that they lose their Husband's Hearts for Faults, which if they have either Good Nature, or Good Breeding, they know not how to tell 'em of. But how Happy am I in such a Friend as Hardy, such a Mistress as Harriot!

*Continue Heav'n, a Grateful Heart to bless
With Faith in Friendship, and in Love Success.*

[Exeunt.]

A C T. IV.

Enter Widow and Trusty.

Widow.

M*R. Trusty,* You have I do assure you, the same Place and Power, in the Management of my Lord Brumpton's Estate, as in his life-time. (I am reduc'd to a necessity of Trusting him [*aside.*] However *Tattleaid* dissembles the matter, she must be Privy to Lady Harriot's Escape, and *Fardingale's* as deep with 'em both, and I fear will be their Ruin, which 'tis my Care and Duty to prevent. Be Vigilant and you shall be Rewarded, I shall Employ you wholly in Lady *Sharlot's* Affairs, she is able to pay Services done for her. You've Sense, and Understand me. [Exit *Widow.*

Tru. Yes, I do indeed Understand you, and could wish another could, with as much Detesta-

56 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

tion as I do, but my Poor Old Lord is so strangely, so Bewitchedly Enamour'd of her; that ev'n after this Discovery of her Wickedness I see he could be Reconcil'd to her; and tho he is Asham'd to confess to me, I know he longs to Speak with her. If I tell Lord Hardy all; to make his Fortune, He would not let his Father be Dishonour'd, by a Publick way of Separation. If things are acted Privately, I know she'll throw us all. There's no Middle way; I must Expose her to make a Re-union Impracticable. Alas how is Honest Truth Banish'd the World! then we must Watch the Seasons and soft Avenues to Men's Hearts; to Gain it Entrance ev'n for their own Good and Interest? [*Exit.*]

Enter Lord Hardy, Campley, Trim.

Ld. Ha. I forget my own Misfortunes, Dear *Campley*, when I reflect on your Success.

Cam. I assure you, it Moderates the Swell of Joy that I am in, to think of your Difficulties. I hope my Felicity is Previous to your's. My Lady *Harriot* gives her Service to you, and we both think it but decent to suspend our Marriage, till your and Lady *Sharlot's* Affairs are in the same Posture.

Ld. Ha. Where is my Lady?

Cam. She's at my Ant's my Lord. But my Lord, if you don't interpose, I don't know how I shall adjust matters with Mr. *Trim*, for Leaving his Mistress behind me; I fear he'll demand Satisfaction of me.

Tri. No Sir, alas I can know no Satisfaction, while she is in Jeopardy. Therefore would rather be put in a way to recover her, by Storming the Castle or other feat of Arms, like a true enamour'd Swain as I am.

Cam. Since we are all Three then expecting
Lovers,

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 57

Lovers, my Lord, prethee let's have that Song of
your's which Suits our common purpose.

Ld. Ha. Call in the Boy.

Boy Sings.

*Ye Minutes bring the happy Hour,
And Chloe Blushing to the Bower;
Then shall all Idle Flames be o're,
Nor Eyes nor Heart e're wander more;
Both, Chloe, fix'd for e're on Thee,
For Thou art all thy Sex to Me.*

II.

*A Guilty is a false Embrace,
Corinna's Love's a Fairy-Chace.
Begone thou Meteor Fleeting Fire,
And all, that can't survive Desire.
Chloe my Reason moves and Awe,
And Cupid shot Me, when he Saw.*

Trim. Look you, Gentlemen, since as you are
pleas'd to say we're all Lovers, and consequently
Poets, pray do me the honour to hear a little Air
of mine. You must know then, I once had the
misfortune to fall in Love below my self, but things
went hard with us at that time, so that my Passion,
or as I may Poetically speak, my Fire was in the
Kitchen: 'Twas towards a Cook-Maid; but before
I ever saw Mrs. Deborah.

Ld. Har. Come on then, *Trim*, let's have it.

Trim. I must run into next Room for a Lute.

[Exit.]

Cam. This must be diverting: can the Rogue Play?

Re-enter Trim, with a pair of Tongs.

Trim. Dear Cynderaxa her self very well understood

D 5

this

58 . *The FUNERAL: Or,*

this Instrument; I therefore always sung this Song to it, as thus.

I.

*Cynderaxa Kind and Good,
Has all my Heart and Stomach too;
She makes me love, not hate my Food,
As other peevish Wenches do.*

II.

*When Venus leaves her Vulcan's Cell,
Which all but I a Cole-hole call;
Fly, fly yee that above Stairs dwell,
Her Face is wash'd, yee vanish all.*

III.

*And as she's Fair, she can impart
That Beauty, to make all things Fine;
Brighten's the Floor with wondrous Art,
And at her touch the Dishes shine.*

Ld. Har. I protest, *Will*, thou art a Poet indeed.
And at her touch the Dishes shine — And you touch
your Lute as finely.

Enter Boy.

Boy. There's one *Mr. Trusty* below, wou'd speak
with my Lord.

Ld. Har. *Mr. Trusty*! My Father's Steward! What
can he have to say to me?

Camp. He's very honest to my knowledge.

Ld. Har. I remember indeed when I was turn'd
out of the House, he follow'd me to the Gate,
and wept over me, for which I've heard he'd like
to have lost his Place. But however I must Advise
with you a little, about my Behaviour to him:
Let's in. Boy bring him up hither, tell him I'll
wait on him presently.

I shall want you I believe here *Trim*.

[Exit Boy.]

[Exeunt.]

Re-

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 59

Re-Enter Boy, and Trusty.

Boy. My Lord will wait on you here immediately.

[Exit. Boy.]

Trusty. 'Tis very well. These Lodgings are but homely for the Earl of Brumpton — Oh that damn'd Strumpet! that I shou'd ever know my Master's Wife for such. How many Thousand things does my Head run back to? After my poor Father's Death the good Lord took me, because he was a Captain in his Regiment, and gave me Education. I was I think Three and Twenty when this Young Lord within was Christned; what a do there was about calling him Francis? [wipes his Eyes.] These are but poor Lodgings for him. I cannot bear the Joy to think that I shall save the Family, from which I've had my Bread.

Enter Trim.

Trim. Sir my Lord will wait you immediately.

Tru. Sir 'tis my duty to wait him —

[as Trim is going.]

But Sir, are not you the Young Man that attended him at Christ-Church in Oxford, and have follow'd him ever since?

Trim. Yes Sir, I am.

Trusty. Nay Sir, No harm; but you'll thrive the better for it.

Trim. I like this Old Fellow, I smell more Money.

[aside. Exit.]

Trusty. I think 'tis now Eight Years since I saw him, he was not then Nineteen, when I follow'd him to the Gate, and gave him Fifty Guineas, which I pretended his Father sent after him.

Enter

60 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Enter Lord Hardy.

Ld. Har. Mr. *Trusty*, I'm very glad to see you look very hale and Jolly; you wear well—I'm glad to see it—but your Commands to me Mr. *Trusty*.

Trust. Why my Lord, I presume to wait on Your Lordship: my Lord you're strangely grown; you're your Father's very Picture; you're he, my Lord: You are the very Man that look'd so pleas'd, to see me look so fine in my Lac'd Livery, to go to Court. I was his Page when he was just such another as you. He Kils'd me afore a great many Lords, and said I was a brave Man's Son that taught him to Exercise his Arms. I remember he carry'd me to the great Window, and bid me be sure to keep in your Mother's Sight in all my Finery. She was the Finest Young Creature; the Maids of Honour hated to see her at Court. My Lord then Courted my good Lady. She was as kind to me on her Death Bed, she said to me, Mr. *Trusty* take care of my Lord's Second Marriage for that Child's sake: She pointed as well as she could to you. You fell a Crying and said she should not Die; but she did my Lord: she left the World, and no one like her in't. For- $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Weeps, runs to my} \\ \text{give me my honour'd Master, } \end{array} \right. \left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Lord, and hugs him.} \end{array} \right.$ I've often carry'd you in these Arms that Grasp you: they were stronger then. But if I Die to morrow you're worth 5000*l.* by my Gift; 'tis what I've got in the Family, and I return it to you with thanks—But alas, do I Live to see you want it?

Ld. H. You confound me with all this Tenderness and Generosity.

Tru. I'll trouble you no longer my Lord—But—

Ld. H. Call it not a trouble, for—

Tru.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 61

Tru. My good Lord, I will not, I say, Indulge my self in talking fond Tales that Melt me, and Interrupt my Story: My business to your Lordship in one word is this; I am in good Confidence at present with my Lady Dowager, and I know she has some Fears upon her, which depend upon the Nature of the Settlement to your Disfavour. And under the Rose, Be your self. I fear your Father has not had fair play for his Life; be compos'd my Lord; what is to be done is this; we'll not apply to Publick Justice in this case, till we see farther: 'Twill make it Noisy, which we must not do, if I might Advise. You shall with a Detachment of your Company, Seize the Corps as it goes out of the House this Evening to be Interr'd in the Country; 'twill only look like taking the Administration upon your self and Commencing a Suit for the Estate. She has put off the Lying in State; and Lady Harriot's escape with Mr. Campley, makes her fear he will prove a Powerful Friend, both to the Young Ladies and your Lordship. She cannot with Decency be so busie, as when the Corps is out of the House, therefore hastens it. I know your whole Affair; leave the care of Lady Sharlot to me: I'll Pre-acquaint her, that she mayn't be Frightned, and dispose of her safely, to observe the Issue.

Ld. Har. I wholly understand you; it shall be done.

Trust. I'm sure I am wanted this Moment for your Interest at home. This Ring shall be the Passport of Intelligence, for whom you send to Assault us, and the remittance of it Seal'd with this, shall be Authentick from within the House.

Ld. Har. 'Tis very well.

Trust. Hope all you can with my Lord, from a certain Secret relating to the Estate, which I'll acquaint

62 *The FUNERAL : Or ;*

quaint you with next time I see you. [*Ex. Trusty.*
Ld. Har. Your Servant—This Fellow's strangely
honest—Ha! *Will.*

Enter Campley and Will.

Will, don't the Recruits wait for me to see 'em at
their Parade before this House.

Trim. Yes, and have waited these three Hours.

Ld. Har. Go to 'em, I'll be there my Self Im-
mediately; we must Attack with 'em; if the Ro-
gues are Sturdy, this very Evening.

Trim. I guess where; I'm overjoy'd at it. I'll
warrant you they do it, if I Command in Chief.

Ld. Har. I design you shall. [*Trim runs out jumping.*

Camp. You seem my Lord to be in deep Medi-
tation.

Ld. Har. I am so, but not on any thing that
you may not be acquainted with.

*Enter Trim, with a Company of Ragged
Fellows, with a Cane.*

1st. So. Why then I find Mr. *Trim* we shall come
to Blows before we see the French.

Trim. Harkee, Friend, 'tis not your Affair to
Guess or Enquire what you are going to do; 'tis
only for us Commanders.

2d. So. The French! Pox, they are but a Company
of Scratching Civet-Cats—They Fight!

Tri. Harkee don't bluster; were not you a little
mistaken in your facings at *Steinkirk*?

2d. So. I grant it; you know I have an Antipathy
to the French, I hate to see the Dogs; look you
here, Gentlemen, I was shot quite through the
Body, look you.

Trim.

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Trim. Prethee look where it enter'd at your back.
2d. So. Look you *Mr. Trim*, you will have your
Joke; we know you are a Wit, but what's that
to a Fighting Man.

Enter Kate.

Kate. *Mr. Trim*, *Mr. Trim*.

Trim. Things are not as they have been *Mrs.*
Kate; I now pay the Company, and we that pay
Money expect a little more Ceremony.

Kate. Will your Honour please to taste some
right *French Brandy*?

Trim. Art thou sure, Good Woman, 'tis right;
[*Drinks.*] How — *French* — pray — nay if I find you
deceive me, who pay the Men. [*Drinks.*

Kate. Pray, good Master, have you spoke to
my Lord about Me?

Trim. I have; but you shall speak to him your
self; thou hast been a true Campayneer *Kate*, and
we must not neglect thee: do you sell Grey-peate
yet of an Evening, *Mrs Matchlock*? [*Drinks again.*

Kate. Any thing to turn the Penny; but I got
more by crying Pamphlets this Year than by any
thing I have done a great while. Now I am Mar-
ried into the Company again, I design to cross the
Seas next Year. But Master, my Husband, a Tem-
ple Porter, and a Parliament Man's Footman,
Last Night by their talk made me think there was
Danger of a Peace; why they said all the prime
People were against a War.

Trim. No, no, *Kate*, never fear, you know I
keep great Company; all Men are for a War, but
some would have it abroad, and some would have
it at home in their own Country.

Kate. Ay, say you so, Drink about Gentlemen,
not a Farthing to pay; a War is a War, be it
where

64 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

where it will. But pray Mr. *Trim*, speak to my Lord, that when these Gentlemen have Shirts I may Wash for 'em.

Trim. I tell you, if you behave well to Night, you shall have a Fortnight's Pay, each Man as a Reward: but there's none of you Industrious; there's a thousand things you might do, to help out about this Town; as to cry *Puff, Puff, Pyes*; have you any *Knives or Scizars to Grind*? or late in an Evening, whip from *Grub-Street*, strange and bloody News from *Flanders* — *Votes from the House of Commons* — *Buns, rare Buns* — *Old Silver Lace, Cloaks, Sutes or Coats* — *Old Shoes, Boots or Hats* — but here, here, here's My Lord a coming, here's the Captain, fall back into the Rank, there move up in the Center.

Enter L. Har. and Campley.

L. Har. Let me see whether my ragged Friends are ready and about me.

Kate. Ensign *Campley*, Ensign *Campley*, I am over-joy'd to see your Honour; ha' the World's surely alter'd ha'?

Cam. 'Tis so Faith *Kate*; why thou art true to the Cause, with the Company still Honest *Amazon*?

Kate. Dear Soul, not a bit of Pride in him; but won't your Honour help in my Business with my Lord? speak for me, noble Ensign, do.

Cam. Speak to him your self, I'll second you.

Kate. Noble Captain, my Lord, I suppose Mr. *Trim* has told your Honour about my Petition: I have been a great Sufferer in the Service; 'tis hard for a poor Woman to lose nine Husbands in a War, and no Notice taken; nay three of 'em alas in the same Campaign; here the Woman stand's that say's it. I never strip a Man till I first try'd

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 65

if he could stand on his legs; and if not, I think 'twas fair Plunder: except our Adjutant, and he was a Puppy that made my eighth Husband run the Gantlet for not turning his Toes out.

L. Har. Well, we'll consider thee *Kate*, but fall back into the Rear. A Role of what—Gentlemen Soldiers.

Trim to *Pumkin*. Do you hear that, my Lord himself can't deny but we are all Gentlemen as much as his Honour.

L. Har. reading, Gentleman Soldiers, Quarter'd in and about *Guy-Court* in *Vinegar-Yard*, in *Russel-Court* in *Drury-Lane*, belonging to the Honourable Captain *Hardy's* Company of Foot. So, Answer to your Names and March off from the left. *John Horseem* Corporal; March easie, that I may view you as you pass by me: Drums. *Simon Ruffle*, ha! *Ruffle*, what's the meaning you Stride and Founder at that rate?

Ruffle, I'm Pox't, like your Honour.

L. Har. *Trim*, let him be carry'd to our Surgeon's Mate, Pox't, you Brute Beast! have you no Shame? The next time you shall Rot: *Darby Tattoo*—there's a Shilling for you *Tattoo*, be always so tight: how does he keep himself so clean?

Trim. Sir, he is a Tragedy Drum to one of the Play-Houses.

L. Har. Private Gentlemen. *Alexander Cowitch*, *Humphrey Mundungus*, *William Faggot*, *Nicholas Scab*, *Timothy Megrim*, *Philip Scratch*, *Nehemiah Dust*, *Humphrey Garbage*, *Nathaniel Matchlock*.

Cam. What is *Matchlock* come back to the Company? That's the Fellow that brought me off at *Steinkirk*. [Offering to give him Money]

L. Har. No, Sir, 'tis I am oblig'd to him for that

66 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

that; there Friend, [*gives him Money*] you shall want for nothing; I'll give thee a Halbert too.

Kate, O brave me! Shall I be a Sergeant's Lady? I faith I'll make the Drum's, and the Corporal's Wives, and Company-keepers know their Distance.

Cam. How far out of the Country did you come to List? Don't you come from *Cornwall*? how did you bear your Charges?

March. I was Whipt from Constable to Constable.

Trim. Ay, my Lord, that's due by the Court-sie of *England*, to all that want, in red Coats. Besides there's an Act that makes us Free off all Corporations, and that's the Ceremony of it.

Camp. But what pretence had they for using you so ill? You did not Pilfer?

Match. I was found guilty of being Poor.

Cam. Poor Devil!

L. Har. Timothy Ragg: Oh *Ragg*! I thought when I gave you your Discharge, just afore the Peace, we should never have had you again; how came you to List now?

Ragg. To pull down the *French King*.

L. Har. Bravely resolv'd: but pull your Shirt into your Breeches, the mean time. *Jeffrey Tatter*: what's become of the Skirts and Buttons of your Coat?

Tatter. In our last Cloathing, in the Regiment I serv'd in afore, the Collonel had one Skirt before, the Agent one behind, and every Captain of the Regiment a Button.

L. Har. Hush, you Rogue, you talk Matiny.

Trim. Ay Sirrah; what have you to do with more knowledge than that of your Right-hand, from your Left? [*Hits him a blow on the Head.*]

L. Har. Hugh Clump: Clump thou growest a little too heavy for Marching.

Trim. Ay, my Lord, but if we don't allow him

the

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 67

the Pay he'll Starve ; for he's too Lame to get into the Hospital.

L. Har. Richard Bumpkin ! Ha ! a perfect Country Hick ; how came you Friend to be a Soldier ?

Bump. An't please your Honour, I have been cross'd in Love, and am willing to seek my Fortune.

L. Har. Well, I've seen enough of 'em ; if you mind your Affair, and Act like a wise General, these Fellows may do. Come take your Orders.

Well Gentlemen do your Business Manfully and nothing shall be too good for you. { Trim puts his Hat on his Stick, while my Lord is giving him the Ring and whispers Orders.

All. Bless your Honour. [Ex. Har. and Campley.]

Trim. Now, my brave Friends and Fellow Soldiers — [aside] I must Fellow Souldier 'em just afore a Battle, like a true Officer, tho' I cane 'em all the Year round beside. [Strutting about] Major General Trim, no Pox, Trim sounds so very short and Priggish ; that my Name should be a Monosyllable ! but the Foreign News will write me, I suppose, Monsieur, or Chevalier Trimont, Seigneur Trimoni, or Count Trimontz, in the German Army, I shall perhaps be call'd ; ay, that's all the Plague and Comfort of us great Men, they do so toss our Names about — but Gentlemen you are now under my Command ; Huza ! thrice — Faith, this is very pleasing, this Grandeur ! why after all 'tis upon the Neck of such Scoundrells as these Gentlemen, that we great Captains, build our Renown. A Million or two of these Fellows make an Alexander : and as that my Predecessor said in the Tragedy of him, on the very same occasion, going to storm for his Statira, so do I for my Dear Simpstrefs, Madam D'Epingle :

When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay ;

'Tis Beauty calls, and Glory leads the way.

E 2

A C T.

A C T. V.

S C E N E I.

*Enter Trusty and Lord Brumpton.**Trusty.*

SHE knows no Moderation in her good Fortune; she has out of Impatience to see her self in her Weeds, order'd her Manto-Woman to stich up any thing immediately: you may hear her and *Tattleaid* Laugh aloud, she is so wantonly Merry.

L. Br. But this of Lady *Sharlot* is the very utmost of all ill: pray read — but I must sit — my late Fit of the Gout makes me act with Pain and Constraint — let me see.

Truf. She writ it by the Page who brought it me, as I had Wheedled him to do all their Passages.

L. Br. [*reads*] You must watch the Occasion of the Servants being gone out of the House, with the Corps, *Tattleaid* shall Conduct you to my Lady *Sharlot's* Appartment — away with her — and be sure you bed Her.

[*Your Affectionate Sister, Mary Brumpton.*

Brumpton! The Creature — she call'd as *Frank's* Mother was? *Brumpton!* The Succaba! What a Devil Incarnate have I had in my Bosome? Why the common abandon'd Town-women would scruple such an Action as this; tho' they have lost all regard to their own Chastity, they would be Tender of another's. Why sure she had no Infancy, she never had Virginity, to have no Compassion through Memory of her own former Innocence;

this

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this is to forget her very Humanity, her very Sex. Where is my poor Boy? Where's *Frank*? Does not he want? How has he liv'd all this time? not a Servant I Warrant to attend him; what Company can he keep? What can he say of his Father?

Truf. Tho' you made him not your Heir, he is still your Son; and has all the Duty and Tenderness in the World, for your Memory.

L. Br. It is impossible *Trusty*, it is impossible. I will not rack my self with the Thought that one I have injur'd can be so very Good. Keep me in Countenance, tell me he hates my very Name, won't assume my Title, because it descends from me. What's his Company?

Truf. Young *Tom Campely*, they are never asunder.

L. Br. I am glad he has my pretty Tattler, the Chearful Innocent *Harriot*; I hope he'll be good to her, he's good Natur'd and well Bred.

Truf. But my Lord, she was very punctual in Ordering the Funeral; she bid *Sable* be sure to lay you deep enough, she had heard such Stories of the Wicked Sextons taking up People; but I wish, my Lord, you would please to hear her and *Tattleaid* once more.

L. Br. I know to what thy Zeal tends: but I tell you, since you cannot be convinc'd but that I have still a softness for her; I say tho' I had so, it should never make me transgress that scrupulous Honour that becomes a Peer of *England*. If I could forget Injuries done my self thus gross, I never will those done my Friends. You knew *Sharlot's* worthy Father — no, there's no need of my seeing more of this Woman, I behold her now with the same Eyes that you do; there's a meanness in all she says or does; she has a great Wit, but a little Mind, some thing ever wanting to make her appear my Lady *Brumpton*; she has nothing natively Great.

70 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

You see I Love her not, I talk with Judgment of her.

Truf. I see it, my good Lord, with Joy I see it, nor care how few things I see more in this World. My satisfaction is Compleat: Welcome old Age, Welcome Decay; 'Tis not Decay, but growth to a latter Being. [Exit. Leading L. B.]

Re-enter Trusty meeting Cabinet.

Truf. I have your Letter, Mr Cabinet.

Cab. I hope Sir, you'll believe it was not in my Nature to be guilty of so much baseness; but being born a Gentleman, and Bred out of all Roads of Industry, in that idle manner too many are, I soon spent a small Pattimony; and being Debauch'd by Luxury, I fell into the narrow Mind to dread no Infamy like Poverty, which made me Guilty as that Paper tells you; and had I not writ it to you I am sure I never could have told you of it.

Truf. It is an Ingenuous, Pious Penitence in you. My Lord *Hardy* (to whom this Secret is inestimable) is a noble natur'd Man, and you shall find him such, I give you my Word.

Cab. I know, Sir, your Integrity.

Truf. But pray be there: all that you have to do, is to ask for the Gentlewoman at the House at my Lord *Hardy's*, she'll take care of you; and pray have Patience, where she places you, till you see Me. [Ex. Cab.] My Lord *Hardy's* being a House where they receive Lodgers, has allow'd me convenience to place every Body I think necessary to be by at her Discovery. This Prodigious Welcome Secret! I see however impracticable honest Actions my appear, we may go on with just Hope.

All that is Our's, is to be justly bent,

And Heav'n in its own Cause will bless th' Event.

Enter.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 71

Enter Trim and his Party.

Trim. March up, march up; Now we are near the Citadel, And I halt only to give the Necessary Orders for th' Engagement. Ha! *Clump, Clump,* When we come to Lord Brumpton's Door, and you see us conveniently dispos'd about the House, You are to wait till you see a Corps brought out of the House, then to go up to him, you observe, the Director, and ask importunately for an Alms to a poor Soldier; For which you may be sure you shall have a good Blow or two: But if you have not, be Saucy till you have. Then when you see a File of Men got between the House and the Body — A File of Men, *Bumpkin*, is six Men — I say when you see the File in such a Posture, that half the File may Face to the Body, You are to fall down, crying Murder, that the Half-file fac'd to the Body, may throw it, and themselves, over you. I then march to your Rescue. Then, *Swagger*, you and your Party fall in to secure my Rear; while I march off with the Body. These are the Orders — And this, with a little Improvement of my own, is the same Disposition *Villeroy* and *Catinat* made at *Chiari*.

[Marches off with his Party.]

Enter Widow in deep Mourning, with a dead Squirrel on her Arm, and Tattleaid.

Wid. I must be so, It must be your carelessness; What had the Page to do in my Bedchamber?

Tatt. Indeed, Madam, I can't tell, But I came in and catch'd him wringing round his Neck.

Wid. Tell the Rascal from me, He shall Romp with the Footmen no more. No, I'll send the Rogue in a Frock to learn Latine among the dirty Boys that come to good. I will — But 'tis

Ever so among these Creatures that live on one's
Superfluous Affections ; a Ladies Woman, Page,
and Squirrel, are always Rivals.

Poor Harmless Animal, Pretty ev'n in Death:
Death might have overlook'd thy little Life.

How could'st thou, *Robin*, leave thy Nuts and me?

How was't, import'nat Dearest, thou should'st die?

Thou never did'st Invade thy Neighbour's Soils :

Never madest War with specious Shews of Peace :

Thou never hast depopulated Regions,

But chearfully didst bear thy little Chain

Content, so I but fed thee with this Hand.

Tatt. Alas, alas ! We are all Mortal : Consi-
der, Madam, my Lord's dead too. [Weeps.

Wid. Ay, but our Animal Friends do wholly
die ; an Husband or Relation after Death, is re-
warded or tormented : That's some Consolation.
I know her Tears are false for she hated *Robin* al-
ways [*aside.*] But she's a well-bred dishonest Ser-
vant, that never speaks a painful Truth. But I'll
resolve to conquer my Affliction. Never speak
more of *Robin*, Hide him there. But to my
Dress ; How Soberly Magnificent is Black ? And
the Train ! I wonder how Widows came to wear
such long Tails ?

Tatt. Why, Madam, the stateliest of all Crea-
tures has the longest Tayl, the Peacock ; nay it
has of all Creatures the finest Mein too, except
your Ladyship, who are a Phenix.

Wid. Ho ! Brave *Tattleaid*. But did not you
observe what a Whining my Lady *Sly* made, when
she had drank a little ? Did you believe her ? Do
you think there are really People sorry for their
Husbands ?

Tatt. Really, Madam, some Men do leave their
Fortunes in such Distraction, that I believe it may
be ——— *Speaks with Pins in her mouth.*

Wid.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 73

Wid. But I swear I wonder how it came up to dress us thus—I protest, when all my Equipage is ready, and I move in full Pageantry, I shall fancy my self an Embassadress from the Commonwealth of Women, the distressed State of *Amazonia*, to treat for Men. But I protest I wonder how two of Us thus clad can meet with a grave Face. Methinks they should laugh out like two Fortune-tellers, or two opponent Lawyers that know each other for Cheats.

Tatt. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I swear to you, Madam, your Lady-ship's Wit will choak me one time or other : I had like to have swallow'd all the Pins in my mouth.

Wid. But, *Tatty*, to keep house six Weeks, that's another barbarous Custom ; but the Reason of it, I suppose, was that the base People should not see People of Quality may be as afflicted as themselves.

Tatt. No ; 'Tis because they should not see 'em as Merry as themselves.

Wid. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Hussy, you never said that you spoke last. Why 'tis just, 'tis Satyre. I'm sure you saw it in my Face, that I was going to say it ; 'twas too good for you. Come, lay down that Sentence and the Pincushion, and Pin up my shoulder. Harkee, Hussy, if you should, as I hope you won't, out-live me, take care I an't buried in Flannen ; 'twould never become me, I'm sure. That they can be as Merry ! Well, I'll tell my New Acquaintance — What's her Name ? — She that reads so much, and writes Verses — Her Husband was deaf the first Quarter of a Year — I forget her Name — That Expression she'll like. Well, that Woman does divert me strangely : I'll be very great with her. She talk'd very learnedly of the Ridicule, till she was ridiculous ; then she

74 *The FUNERAL : Or,*

spoke of the Decent, of the Agreeable, of the Insensible : the Designs to Print the Discourse. But of all things I like her Notion of the Insensible.

Tatt. Pray, Madam, how was that ?

Wi. A most useful Discourse to be inculcated in our Teens. The purpose of it is to disguise our Apprehension, in this ill Bred Generation of Men who speak before Women what they ought not to hear. As now suppose you were a Spark in my Company, and you spoke some double entendre—I look thus. But be a Fellow, and you shall see how I'll Use you. The insensible is useful upon any occasion where we seemingly Neglect, and secretly Approve, which is our ordinary common Case. Now suppose a Coxcomb Dancing, Prating and Playing his Tricks before me to move me—without Pleasure or Distaste in my Countenance I look at him—just thus—but—Ha, ha, ha ! I have found out a Supplement to this Notion of the Insensible, for my own use, which is infallible, and that is, to have always in my Head all that they can say or do to me ; so never be surpriz'd with Laughter, the occasion of which is always sudden.

Tatt. Oh my Lady Brumpton [*Tatt. Bows and Cringes*] My Lady—your most Obedient Servant.—

Wi. Look you, Wench, you see by the Art of Insensibility I put you out of Countenance though you were prepar'd for an ill reception.

Tatt. Oh ! Madam—How Justly are you form'd for what is now fall'n to you, the Empire of Mankind.—

Wid. O Sir, that puts me out of all my insensibility at once, That was so Gallant ! Ha ! What noise is that—That noise of Fighting—Ruin I say—Whither are you going ? What are you Mad ? Will you leave me alone ? Can't you stir ? What, you can't take

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 75

take your Message with you—What ever 'tis I suppose you are not in the Plot; nor you—Nor that now they're breaking open my house for Sharlot—not you—Go see what's the Matter. I say I have no body I can trust—[*Ex. Tatt.*] One minute I think this wench honest, and the next false.—Whither shall I turn me?

Tatt. Madam—Madam.

[*Re-entrig.*]

Wi. Madam, Madam, will you swallow me Gapeing?

Tatt. Pray good my Lady be not so out of Humour,—But there is a Company of Rogues have set upon our servants and the Burial Man's, while others ran away with the Corps.

Wi. How! What can this mean? What can they do with it? Well 'twill save the Charge of interment—but to what end?

Enter Servant Bloody and Dirty haling in Clump and Bumpkin!

Ser. I'll teach you better manners—I'll poor Souldier you.—You Dog you, I will—Madam, here are two of the Rascals that were in the Gang of Rogues that Carried away the Corps.

Wid. We'll examine 'em apart—Well Sirrah what are You? Whence came You? What's your Name, Sirrah?

[*Clump makes Signs as a Dumb Man.*]

Ser. O you Dog, you could speak loud enough just now Sirrah, when your Brother Rogues maul'd Mr. Sable—we'll make you speak Sirrah.

Wid. Bring the other fellow hither—I suppose you will own you knew that man before you saw him at my door?

Cl. I think I have seen the Gentleman's face

[*bowing to Bumpkin.*]

Wi.

76 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Wi. The Gentleman's ! the Villain Mocks me—
But Friend , you look like an Honest man , what
are you ? Whence come you ? What are you
Friend ?

B. I'se at present but a Private Gentleman , but I
was list'd to be a Sergeant in my Lord *Hardy's*
Company — I'se not asham'd of my name nor of
my *Koprin*. —

Wi. Leave the Room all ; [*Exeunt all but Trusty & Tattle*] *Mr. Trusty* — Lord *Hardy* ! O that Im-
pious young Man — Thus with the Sacrilegious
hands of Ruffians to divert his Father's Ashes from
their urn , and rest —

I suspect this fellow [*aside*] *Mr. Trusty* I must
desire you to be still near me — I'll know the
bottom of this , and to Lord *Hardy's* Lodgings as
I am , instantly — 'Tis but the backside of this
Street I think. Let a Coach be call'd — *Tattleaid*
asoon as I am gone , Conduct my Brother and
his Friends to Lady *Sharlot* , away with her —
Bring *Mademoiselle* away to me , that she may not
be a Witness. Come good *Mr. Trusty*.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Lord Hardy leading Harriot ,
Camply , Trim.*

La. Ha. Why then I find this *Mr. Trim* is a
perfect General — but I'll assure you , Sir , I'll
never allow you an Heroe , who could leave your
Mistress behind you ; you should have broke the
house down , but you should have brought *Made-
moiselle* with you.

Tr. No really Madam ; I have seen such strange
fears come into the Men's heads , and such strange
resolutions into the Women's upon the Oecasion
of Ladies following a Camp , that I thought it
more

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 77

more discreet to leave her behind me : my success will naturally touch her as much as if she were here.

La. Ha. A good intelligent Arch fellow this; [*aside*] But were not you saying, my Lord, you believed Lady Brumpton would follow hither — if so, pray let me be gone.

Ld. H. No Madam ; I must beseech your Ladyship to Stay ; for there are things alledg'd against her , which you who have liv'd in the Family , may perhaps give light into , and which I can't believe ev'n she could be guilty of.

La. Har. Nay , my Lord , that's Generous to a folly , for even for her Usage of you , (without regard to my self) I am ready to believe she would do any thing that can come into the head of a Close , Malicious , Cruel , designing Woman.

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Lady Brumpton's below.

La. Ha. I'll run then.

Cam. No , no , stand your Ground ; you a Souldiour's Wife ! Come we'll rally her to death.

Ld. Har. Prethee entertain her a little , while I go in for a Moment's thought on this Occasion.

[*Exit.*]

La. H. She has more Wit than us both.

Cam. Pshaw , no matter for that. Be sure as soon as the Sentence is out of my mouth , to Clap in with something else , and laugh at all I say ; I'll be grateful and burst my self at my pretty Witty Wife. We'll fall in slap upon her , — she shan't have time to say a Word of the running away.

Enter

78 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Enter Lady Brumpton.

O my Lady Brumpton, your Ladyship's most obedient Servant: this is my Lady *Harriote Campley*—Why, Madam, your Ladyship is immediately in your mourning—nay as you have more Wit than any body, so what seldome Wits have, you have more prudence too. Other Widows have nothing in a readiness but a Second Husband: But you I see had your very weeds, & dress lying by you.

La. H. Ay, Madam; I see your Ladyship is of the Order of Widowhood, for you have put on the habit.

Wi. I see your Ladyship is not of the Profession of Virginity, for you have lost the look on't.

Cam. You are in the Habit—That was so pretty, nay without Flattery *Lady Harriote* you have a great deal of Wit, ha! ha! ha!

La. H. No, my Lady *Brumpton* here is the Woman of Wit; but indeed she has but little enough, considering how much her Ladyship has to defend, ha! ha! ha!

Wi. I am sorry, Madam, your Ladyship has not what's sufficient for your Occasions, or that this pretty Gentleman can't supply 'em—[*Campley Dancing about and Trolling*]

Hey day! I find, Sir, your heels are a great help to your head: They relieve your Wit I see; and I don't Question but 'ere now they have been as kind to your Valour: ha! ha!

Cam. Pox I can say nothing; 'tis always thus with your Endeavourers to be Witty [*aside*] I saw Madam your Mouth go, but there could be nothing offer'd in answer to what my Lady *Harriote* said: —'Twas home —'Twas cutting Satire.

La.

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La. Ha. Oh Mr. Campley ! But Pray, Madam, has Mr. Cabinet Visited your Ladyship since this calamity ? How stands that affair now ?

Wi. Nay Madam, if you already want instructions — I'll acquaint you how the World stands, if you are in Distress ; but I fear Mr. Campley over-hears us.

Cam. And all the Tune the Pipers Play'd — was Toll-toll-dorol — I swear Lady Harriote were I not already your's I could have a Tender for this Lady.

Wi. Come, good Folks, I find we are very free with each other — What make you two here ? Do you board my Lord, or He you ? come come ten Shillings a head will go a great way in a Family. What do you say Mrs. Campley, is it so ? Does your Ladyship go to Market your self ? Nay you're in the right of it — come — Can you imagine what makes my Lord stay — He is not with his Land-steward — not Signing Leases I hope, ha, ha, ha !

Cam. Hang her, to have more Tongue than a Man and his Wife too. [aside.]

Enter Lord Hardy.

Ld. Ha. Because your Ladyship is I know in very much Pain in Company you have injur'd. I'll be short — open those Doors — There lies your Husband's, my Father's Body — And by you stands the Man Accuses you of Poisoning Him.

Wi. Of Poisoning him !

Truf. The Symptoms will appear upon the Corps.

Ld. Ha. But I am seiz'd by Nature — How shall I View A Breathless lump of Clay ? — Him whose high Veins Convey'd to me this Vital Force and Motion.

80 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

I cannot bear that Sight. —

I am as fix'd and Motionless as he.

[*They open the Coffin, out of Which jumps
Lady Sharlot.*

Art thou the gaily Shape my Mind had form'd?

Art thou the cold Inanimate — Bright Maid!

Thou givest new higher Life to all around.

Whither does Fancy fir'd with Love convey me?

Whither Transported by my pleasing Fury?

The Season Vanishes at thy approach,

'Tis Morn, 'tis Spring —

Dayies and Lillies strow thy Flowery Way.

Why is my fair unmov'd? My Heav'nly Fair;

Does she but Smile at my Exalted Rapture?

La. Sh. Oh! Sence of Praise to me unfelt before,
Speak on, speak on, and Charm my attentive Ear.
How sweet Applause is from an Honest Tongue.

Thou lovest my Mind — Hast well Affection plac'd,

In what, nor Time, nor Age, nor Care, nor

Want can alter. —

Oh how I Joy in thee — My Eternal Lover;

Immutable as the Object of thy Flame!

I Love, I'm Proud, I Triumph that I Love.

Pure I approach Thee — Nor did I with empty

Georgeous Attire, or studied Negligence; (*Shows*

Or Song, or Dance, or Ball, Allure thy Soul,

Nor want, nor fear, such Arts to keep, or lose it

Nor now with fond reluctance doubt to enter,

My Spacious, Bright Abode, this Gallant Heart.

[*reclines on Hardy*

Ld. Har. Ay Marry — These are high doing

indeed; the greatness of the occasion has burst their

Passion into Speech. Why Mr. Camptey, when we

are near these fine Folks, you and I are but mere

Sweet Hearts. I protest — I'll never be won so

you shall begin again with me.

Cam. Prethee, why dost Name us poor An-
imals

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mals? They have forgot there are any such Creatures as their old Acquaintance *Tom.* and *Harriot.*

Lor. Har. So we did indeed, but you'll pardon us.

Cam. My Lord, I never thought to } *Embrace*
see the Minute wherein I should rejoice } *cing.*
at your forgetting me, but now I did heartily.

La. Sh. Harriot }
La. Har. Sharlot } *Embracing.*

Wi. Sir, You're at the bottom of all this — I see you're skill'd at close Conveyances — I'll know the meaning instantly of these Intricacies; 'tis not that seeming Honesty and Gravity shall save you from your Deserts — My Husband's Death was sudden — You and the Burial Fellow were observ'd very familiar — Produce my Husband's Body — Or I'll Try you for his Murder; which I find you'd put on me, thou Hellish Engine!

Truf. Look you Madam, I could answer you, but I scorn to reproach People in Misery — You're undone Madam.

Wi. What does the Dotard mean? Produce the Body Villain, or the Law shall have } *Trusty*
thine for it — Do you design to let } *Exit hastily.*
the Villain escape? How justly did your Father Judge, that made You a Beggar with that Spirit? — You meant just now, you could not bear the Company of those you had injur'd.

Lor. Har. You are a Woman, Madam, and my Father's Widow — but sure you think you've highly injur'd me?

[*Here my Lord and Trusty half enter and observe.*]

Wi. No, Sir, I have not, will not Injure you — I must Obey the Will of my Deceas'd Lord to a Tittle — I must justly pay Legacies. Your Father, in Consideration that you were his Blood, would not wholly Alienate you — He left you Sir, this
F Shilling;

Shilling; with which Estate you now are Earl of Brumpton.

Lor. Har. Insolent Woman! It was not me my good Father Disinherited, 'twas him you represented. The Guilt was thine, he did an Act of Justice.

Lord Brumpton entering with Trusty.

Lor. Brum. Oh unparallel'd Goodness!

[*Tattleaid and Mademoiselle at the other Door entering.*

Truf. Oh *Tattleaid* — His and our Hour is come.

Wi. What do I see? my Lord, my Master, my Husband Living!

Lor. Brum. [*Turning from her, running to his Son.*] Oh my Boy, my Son — *Mr. Campley* — *Sharlot* — *Harriot* — [*All Kneeling to him.*] O my Children — Oh, oh! These Passions are too strong for my old Frame — Oh the sweet Torture! My Son, my Son! I shall expire in the too mighty Pleasure! my Boy!

Lor. Har. A Son, an Heir, a Bridegroom in one Hour! Oh! Grant me Heaven, Grant me Moderation!

Wi. A Son, an Heir! Am I neglected then? What, can my Lord revive? Yet Dead to me; Only to me Deceas'd, To me alone, Deaf to my Sighs and Senseless to my Moan.

Lor. Brum. 'Tis so long since I have seen Plays, good Madam, that I know not whence thou dost repeat, nor can I answer.

Wi. You can remember tho' a certain Settlement in which I am thy Son and Heir — Great Noble; that I suppose not taken from a Play, that's as irrevocable as Law can make it; that if you Scorn me — Your Death and Life are Equal —

Or

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 83

Or I'll still wear my Mourning 'cause you're Living.

Truf. Value her not, my Lord, a Prior Obligation made you incapable of settling on her your Wife.

Lor. Brum. Thy Kindness, *Trusty*, does distract thee — I would indeed disengage my self by any Honest Means, but alas I know no Prior Gift that avoids this to her — Oh my Child.

Truf. Look you, Madam, I'll come again immediately — Be not troubled my dear Lords. [*Exit.*]

Cam. *Trusty* looks very Confident, there is some good in that.

Re-enter Trusty with Cabinet.

Cab. What, my Lord *Brumpton* Living! Nay then —

Truf. Hold, Sir, you must not stir, nor can you, Sir, retract this for your Hand-writing. My Lord, this Gentleman, since your suppos'd Death has lurk'd about the House, to speak with my Lady or *Tattleaid*, who upon your Decease have shun'd him, in hopes, I suppose, to buy him off for ever. Now as he was prying about, he peep'd into your Closet, where he saw your Lordship Reading — struck with horror, and believing himself (as well he might) the Disturber of your Ghost, for Alienation of your Fortune from your Family, he writ me this Letter, wherein he acknowledges a Private Marriage with this Lady, half a Year before you ever saw her.

All. How! [*All turn upon her disdainfully.*]

She recovering from her Confusion.

Wi. No more a Widow then, but still a Wife; I am thy Wife — Thou Author of my Evil.

F 2

Thou

84 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

Thou must partake with me an homely Board,
An homely Board that never shall be Chearful;
But every Meal embitter'd with Upbraidings.
Thou that could'st tell me, good and I'll were Words,
When thou coul'dst basely let me to another,
Yet could'st see Sprights, great Unbeliever!
Coward! Bugg bear'd Penitent —
Stranger henceforth to all my Joys, my Joys
To thy Dishonour; Despicable Thing,
Dishonour thee! Thou Voluntary Cuckold.

[*Cabinet Sneaks of, Widow Flings after him,
Tattlecaid Following.*]

Lor. Brum. I see you're all confus'd as well as I
— Yee are my Children — I hold you all so; And
for your own use will speak plainly to you. I
cannot hate that Woman; Nor shall she ever want
Tho' I scorn to bear her injuries — Yet should
ne're been rous'd from that low Passion to a
Worthless Creature, but by disdain of her attempt
on my Friend's Child. I am glad that Scorn
confirm'd by her being that Fellow's — whom
for my own sake I only will contemn. The
Trusty how shall we prosecute with equal Praise
and Thanks, for this great Revolution in our
House?

Trusty. Never to speak on't more my Lord.

Lor. Brum. You are now Gentlemen going into
Cares, at a Crisis in your Country.
And on this great Occasion *Tom* — I'll mount
Old *Campley* which thy Father gave me,
And attend thee, a chearful gay old Man,
Into the Field to represent our County.
My rough *Plebeian Britains* not yet Slaves
To *France*, shall mount thy Father's Son
Upon their Shoulders. Eccho Loud their Joy —
While I and *Trusty* follow Weeping after;
But be thou Honest, Firm, Impartial;

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 85

Let neither Love, nor Hate, nor Faction move thee,
Distinguish Words from Things, and Men from
Crimes.

Punctual be thou in Payments, nor basely
Screen thy Faults 'gainst Law, behind the
Laws thou makest. —

[To *Ld. Hardy*.] But thou against my Death, must
learn a supererogatory

Morality.

As he is to be Just, be Generous thou.

Nor let thy reasonable Soul be struck,

With Sounds and Appellations; Title is

No more, if not significant

Of something that's Superiour in thy self,

To other Men; of which thou may'st be

Conscious yet not Proud. But if you swerve

From higher Virtue than the Crowd Possess,

Know they that call thee Honourable, mock thee.

You are to be a Peer, by Birth a Judge

Upon your Honour, of other's Lives and Fortunes:

Because that Honour's dearer than your own.

Be good my Son, and be a Worthy Lord:

For when our Shining Virtues bless Mankind,

We Disappoint the livid Malecontents,

Who long to call our Noble Order Useless.

Our All's in Danger, Sirs, nor shall you dally

Your Youth away with your fine Wives:

No in your Country's Cause you shall meet Death;

While feeble we, with minds resign'd, do wait it.

Not but I intend your Nuptials, as soon as possible

to draw Intails and Settlements. How necessary

such things are, I had like to have been a fatal

Instance.

Cam. But my Lord here are a Couple that need

not wait such Ceremonies. Please but to sit: You've

been extremely mov'd and must be tir'd. You say

we must not spend our time in Daliance; you'll

86 *The FUNERAL: Or,*

see, my Lord, the Entertainment reminds us also of Nobler things; and what I design'd for my own Wedding, I'll Complement the General with. The Bride Dances finely — *Trim* will you Dance with her?

Trim. I will, but I can't — There's a Countryman of her's without by Accident.

Cam. Ay but is he a Dancer?

Trim. Is a *Frenchman* a Dancer? is a *Welshman* a Gentleman? I'll bring him in.

[Here a Dance and the following Songs.

Set by Mr. *Daniel Purcell*.

I.

ON Yonder Bed supinely laid,
Behold thy Lov'd Expecting-Maid,
In Tremor, Blushes, half in Tears,
Much, much she Wisbes, more she fears.
Take, take her to thy Faithful Arms,
Hymen bestows thee all her Charms.

II.

Heav'n to thee Bequeaths the Fair
To raise thy Joy, and lull thy Care.
Heav'n made Grief, if Mutual, cease,
But Joy, divided, to encrease.
To Mourn with her exceeds delight,
Darkness with her, the Joys of Light.

GRIEF A-LA-MODE. 87

I.

A Rise, arise great Dead for Arms renown'd,
Rise from your Urns, and save your Dying story:
Your Deeds will be in Dark Oblivion Drown'd,
For Mighty William Seizes all your Glory.

II.

*Again the British Trumpet Sounds,
Again Britannia Bleeds;
To Glorious Death, or comely Wounds,
Her Godlike Monarch Leads.*

III.

*Pay us, kind Fate, the Debt you Owe,
Celestial Minds from Clay untye,
Let Coward Spirits dwell below,
And only give the Brave to Die.*

Lor. Brum. Now Gentlemen let the Miseries
which I have but miraculously Escap'd, admonish
you to have always inclinations proper for the Stage
of Life you're in. Don't follow Love when Na-
ture seeks but Ease: Otherwise you'll fall into a
Lethargy, to your Dishonour, when warm Pursuits
of Glory are over with you; For Fame and Rest
are utter Opposites.

You who the Path of Honour make your Guide,
Must let your Passion with your Blood subside;
And no untim'd Ambition, Love, or Rage
Employ the Moments of Declining Age:

Else Boys will in your Presence lose their Fear,
And laugh at the Grey-head they should revere.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Lord *HARDY*.

Love, Hope and Fear, Desire, Aversion, Rage,
All that can move the Soul, or can assuage,
Are drawn in Miniature of Life the Stage.
Here you can View your Selves, and here is shown
To what you're born, in Sufferings not your own.
The Stage to Wisdom's no Fantastick Way,
Athens her self learn't Virtue at a Play.
Our Author me to night a Souldier drew:
But faintly Writ what warmly you pursue.
To his great purpose, had he Equal Fire,
He'd not aim to please only, but inspire.
He'd sing, what hovering Fate attends our Isle;
And from base Pleasure rouse to glorious Toil.
Full time the Earth to a new Decision brings;
While William gives the Roman Eagle Wings.
With Arts and Arms shall Britain Tamely end,
Which naked Picts so bravely could Defend?
The Painted Heroes on th' Invaders press,
And think their Wounds Addition to their Dress.
In Younger Years we've been with Conquest Blest,
And Paris has the Brittish Yoke confess'd;
I' st then in England, in lost England known,
Her Kings are nam'd from a Revolted Throne.
But we offend — You no Examples need,
In Imitation of your selves proceed;
'Tis you your Country's Honour must secure,
Be all your Actions Worthy of Nature.
With Gentle Fires your Gallantry improve,
Courage is Brutal if untouch'd with Love.
If soon our utmost Bravery's not display'd,
Think that Bright Circle must be Captives made.
Let Thoughts of saving them our Toils beguile,
And they Reward our Labours with a Smile.

